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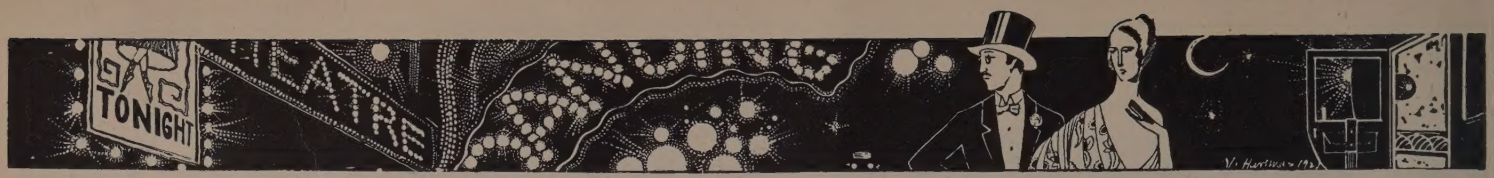

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Harpers
MAGAZINE
49 East 33rd Street, New York, N.Y.

THE theatres of the ancients were immense buildings, providing seats for from 10 to 30,000 spectators, and as they were used only on festal occasions, and admission was free to all, they were usually packed to capacity. The theatres were without roofs and open to the sky, and the performances were in the daytime. When choruses were first introduced, to convey Fury and other elements, the spectators fainted and were thrown into convulsions, so that the magistrates forbade like repetition for the future. Today there are some 20,000 theatres in the United States. Obviously you have not time to see them all, but THEATRE MAGAZINE, the only medium solely devoted to the theatre, does this for you. It makes play going interesting, enjoyable. It has thrived these twenty-five years on the frankness of its criticisms, its unique photographic features and informative articles.

COMEDIANS are not made—they are born. That's why real comedians are funniest when they are natural. Joe Cook, famous for his skill in appealing to both high and low-brow is revealed to us by Gilbert Seldes, in the September issue of THEATRE MAGAZINE. Joe Cook as a juggler, Joe Cook as host, as trouper, as a second Houdini, anyway, at all, Joe Cook is the comedian who makes that uncanny appeal by his constant parody (which even in its lowest stages is an intellectual diversion, because it involves some sense of comparison). Joe Cook does not snub the intellectuals, he dryly admits, but does resent their occasional bad manners.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW—the superman—reaches his seventieth birthday. Unlike most philosophers, Shaw is a splendid business man; as the mouthpiece of socialism, a monarch over his great wealth, not even allowing the Socialists use of one of his plays, without remuneration for it; as a misanthrope and one who lives in seclusion, he is a splendid advertising agent for himself, constantly thrusting himself before the "mob." When the Theatre Guild, the official producer of Shaw's plays in America, asked the Great Socialist to buy some bonds of their new theatre, he sent them an article on theatre construction instead, stating they could sell it and apply the receipts to the building fund. The same Shavian style that budded at his twentieth year still exists at his seventieth—his business aspect still remains the same, along with his ambitions—all remains unchanged but the trace of Time—that has turned the firery red beard gray. Joseph Kaye draws a splendid word sketch of Shaw at seventy in our next issue.

YOU are going to be let in on a little advance information in the September number. THEATRE MAGAZINE has secured for you a full account of the Fall openings, names of the stars and other intimate information that will not be generally known. You will be able to formulate some of your theatre plans by first reading this article before the season's official opening.

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STAGE fright! what a world of shimmying nerves and hairs on ends appears before one! There was one actor, who, on the opening night of a play was so nervous that one of his friends persuaded him to have a glass of champagne (before Volstead reigned). Not successful with the first preventative, another member of the cast insisted on his sharing some wine with him. A third contended that brandy was always known to soothe jumping nerves, and a fourth urged light beer. Eager for success the actor succumbed to every suggestion. As a result, he appeared on stage oblivious of an audience—and although he forgot most of his lines, was not sober enough to realize it—but fortunately, playing the rôle of comedian, he went over with a bang, and was a riot. Every actor is affected on first night, no matter who he is, how long he has been playing and how wonderful his reputation. Read what some of the antidotes are, in our September number, and what Florence Reed, Grant Mitchell, Al Jolson and other popular stars do to save themselves from falling all over their own feet.

THE Playwright has his own share of Chills and Thrills the first time the curtain goes up to bare months or even years of labor. Lillian Barrett continues her humorous description of the land back stage where spotlights blink and properties lose themselves, and door-bells ring long after the guest has arrived, and the pianola plays seven more bars after the player has taken her hands off the keyboard. Then there is the element of sickness that enters, on which no one had counted—the doctor of the cast gets laryngitis, and the Italian fruit vendor has to take his place, the butler becoming the fruit vendor, etc., all the way down the cast.

JOHN ANDERSON, a new contributor to THEATRE MAGAZINE, makes his début in our pages next month with a clever, entertaining article. Mr. Anderson is well known to all theatregoers as dramatic reviewer of the New York *Evening Post*. His dramatic column is one of the liveliest and interesting departments of that newspaper. Hereafter Mr. Anderson will write frequently for THEATRE MAGAZINE.

MOVING pictures as they have progressed today are the keynote of American life. The stupendous scale on which everything is done, the wholesomeness and freshness so characteristic of the race, the breeziness, the desire for happy endings—absence of morbidity, generally, the eagerness to laugh and be merry, love and admiration of outdoor sports, appreciation of the beautiful and the hunger for it. Americans purchase the best talent they can buy, be it foreign or domestic—and that is so perfectly exemplified by the artists and other factors in the film industry. To such heights, artistically and otherwise, has the moving picture profession soared, that cognizant of its direct association with the stage, THEATRE MAGAZINE, beginning with the September issue, will include photos of scenes from various movie releases, screen gossip and photographs of the various film stars.

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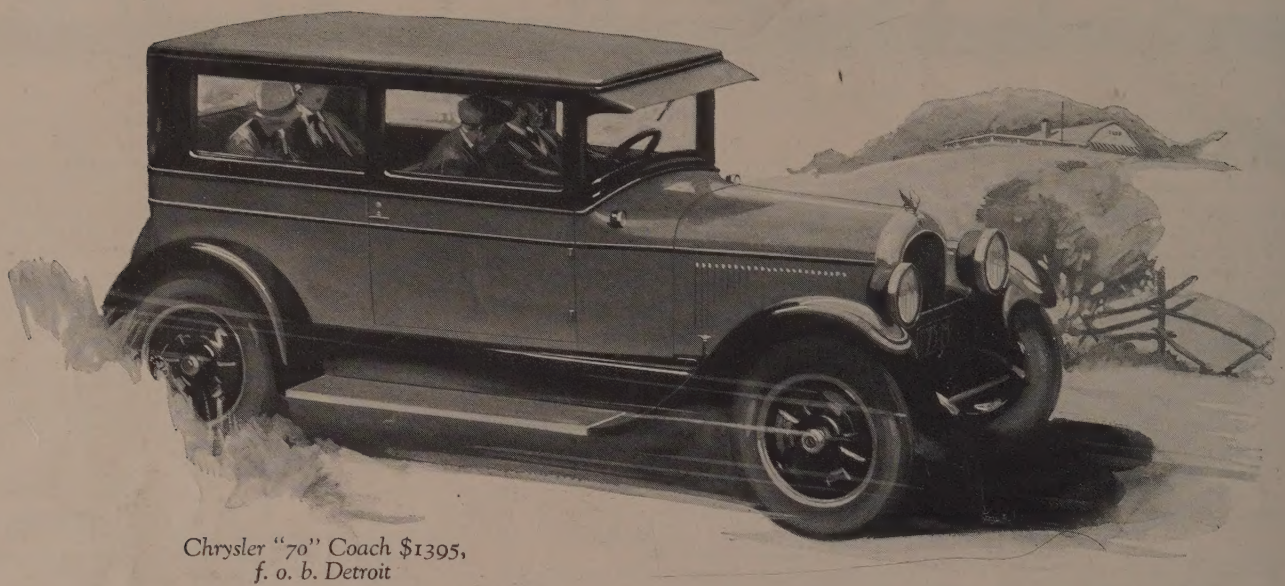

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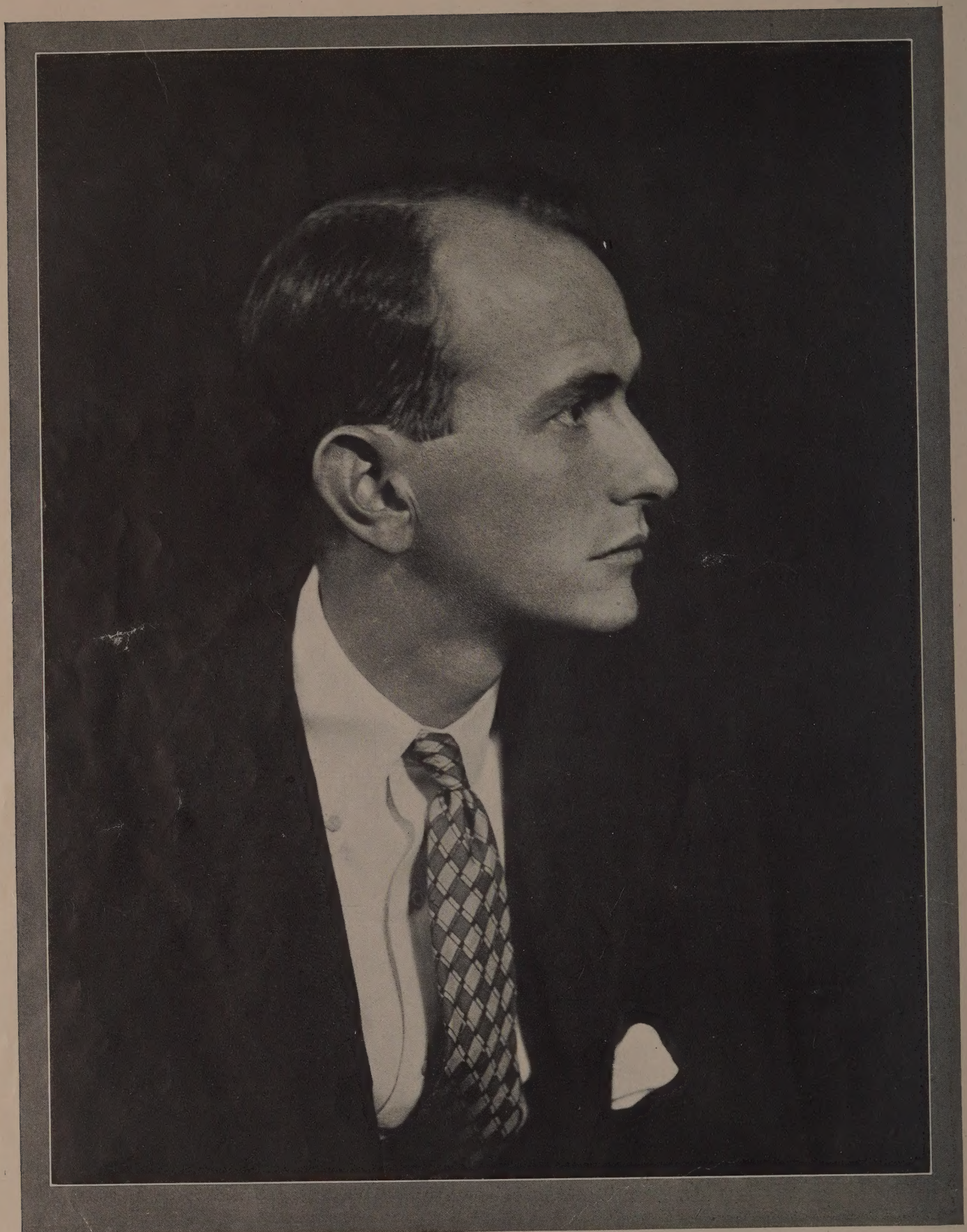
CHRYSLER "70"

Vol. XLIV. No. 305 THEATRE MAGAZINE August, 1926

Photo by Nicholas Haz

LAURETTE TAYLOR

This gifted and always interesting actress returns to Broadway this coming season in "The Cardboard Lover," a new satirical comedy from the French



Florence Vandamm Studio

THE PRODUCERS. No. 10. KENNETH MACGOWAN

Mr. Macgowan, the new director of the Actors' Theatre (a merger of the Actors' and Greenwich Village theatres), is another producer who graduated from the critic's desk. His managerial career began when, after leaving the "Globe," he became head of the triumvirate of Macgowan, Jones and O'Neill, who re-opened the doors of the Provincetown Playhouse to further experimental drama. After a six-months' trial the Greenwich Village was leased to give wider scope to activities, and at these houses were seen such memorable productions as "Fashion," "Desire Under the Elms," "Patience" and "Love for Love."

THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XLIV. No. 305 ARTHUR HORNBLOW, *EDITOR-IN-CHIEF* AUGUST, 1926

EDITORIAL BOARD: Gilbert Seldes, Ben Kaye, Lawton Mackall, Gordon Whyte, Burr Cook

The Editor's Uneasy Chair

Play Juries and the Village Pump

CHIEF MAGISTRATE William McAdoo, on another page of this issue, says:

"We shall get no further with the cleansing of the theatres if they do not cleanse themselves, until there is an aroused, intelligent public opinion which will be begotten by a solid and effective union of all forces that make for public decency, not to speak of morals."

We wish we could share Judge McAdoo's fine optimism. An "aroused, intelligent public opinion," in the shape of citizen play juries recently empaneled by the District Attorney to pass upon four allegedly offensive current productions, found only one of them bad enough to warrant the closing up of the theatre. A spectacular revue was merely asked to delete certain parts of the program. Two other productions —each showing nauseous, revolting scenes in brothels—were let off scot free, the vote cast in one case being eight for condemnation and four for acquittal, a close call for the producer, but not enough of a majority to cause the closing of the play. Nor was anything said about the brazen displays of feminine nudity. The place for a naked woman is the bathtub, not the boards of a theatre. The jurors were silent on this point, so one can only infer that they saw nothing in the fleshly exhibits to shock their sensibilities.

The verdicts call to mind what Mussolini said the other day: "It's all right to ask the ordinary citizen his opinion when it is a question of where to put the village pump, but when it comes to a serious matter, one concerning the community's welfare for example, one might just as well consult a flock of sheep." The statesman meant, of course, that the man in the street does not think very strongly one way or another on any public question—dirty plays or any other social problem. He prefers to "let George do it" and drift along with no sense of personal responsibility.

One is interested in the psychology of those minority jurors who saw nothing in the brothel plays to warrant interference. One wonders what sort of men or women they are, what their attitude toward life is, what their moral code may be. Are they married, have they young daughters whom they would willingly accompany to such plays? Every man is entitled to his opinion and should be free to express it. No doubt the minority jurors as individuals were perfectly sincere and honest in their convictions. But, as Mussolini would say, the opinion of the individual, honest as it may be, is not enough when it comes to protecting the nation. Sometimes, as with our own Eighteenth Amendment, it becomes necessary to ride roughshod over the many in order to safeguard the few.

Shall the Movie Censorship Be Abolished?

EVERY now and again we hear the cry: "Abolish the movie censorship!" We are told that the present curb on the industry is throttling the art of the cinema and that it is absurd, in a free country and in this enlightened age, that the amusement public's pleasures should be interfered with by methods smacking of the dark ages. Why, it is argued, should the movies be subject to censorship any more than the speakies?

The point is logical enough, especially now when Broadway was never so full of filthy, degrading plays. But the apparent immunity of the panderer-producers, their continued defiance of public opinion, cannot continue indefinitely. The authorities, reluctant as they may be to interfere, must draw a line somewhere. If the activities of the play juries come to naught and such hectic stage productions as those now occupying the boards continue to be offered to theatregoers—many in blissful ignorance of the real character of the spectacle they are going to see till tickets are purchased and the curtain goes up—it is a safe guess that a determined effort will soon be made to secure legislation by which, in the name of common decency, some form of official control can be extended to the regular stage.

It is to be devoutly hoped that no such contingency will arise. A censorship would be an irreparable blow to our free, gifted, vigorous native theatre. If the step does become necessary as a last resort to safeguard public decency, the producers will have only themselves to blame. It was the cheaper, irresponsible film maker who brought the censorship upon the industry by exhibiting indecent pictures—the more reckless among the theatre managers are now running the risk of a like censorship by producing dirty plays.

The leading film producers, which include all the familiar names, probably would not welcome the doing away with the censorship, since such a step would leave the door open to an undesirable type of manufacturer—short-sighted, unscrupulous, who, inspired solely by greed of money, would flood the screen with filthy pictures and bring the motion-picture industry into utter disrepute. As it is, the present restrictions put a wholesome curb on that sort of thing and protect the better-class manufacturers and public both.

If the lid were taken off the movies, what then? Should we be better off or worse off than to-day? The New York State Board of Censors, usually very lenient in its judicial attitude towards the film output, recently ordered a new picture of one of the leading manufacturers taken off the current release list, on the ground that it was sacrilegious—the vote of the Board being unanimous—and alterations had to be made at an expense to the owners of $50,000. On the other hand, there are pictures we see every day which have been passed by the same Board of Censors—pictures showing scenes of sensuality, vice and crime. At the convention last month in Atlantic City of the General Federation of Women's Clubs of America, the Motion Picture Committee denounced those pictures which "make heroes out of highwaymen" as being "infinitely more dangerous to youth than those movies portraying so-called sex interests." The truth of this indictment no one who has viewed the more sensational movies will deny. In almost all the cheaper grade pictures exhibited to-day there are scenes of lust, violence, suicide, murder—pistols in every pocket and drawn on every possible occasion.

According to that class of movie philosophy, life is nothing but revolvers and hold-ups—the criminal possibly getting the worst of it in the end, but assuredly enjoying a high old time meanwhile. If such pictures as these are possible under a censorship, what would they be like if censorship were abolished?

Florence Vandamm Studio

"LE PAPILLON"

Mme. Tchernicheva, who charmingly flutters about the stage of Daghlieff's Russian Imperial Ballet, quickly dispels the soporific effect of Summer, with her light, gentle and windlike rhythms

"Lots of My Best Friends Are Actors"

A Study of the New Order of Cordiality Between Critics and Players

By GILBERT W. GABRIEL

SINCERITY and honesty, being supposed axioms in the characters of critics, are only secondary assets, after all. Admitting that a critic is honest in his outlooks amounts to an implication that he is very little else. You find yourself suspecting that he who writes forever sincerely is simply writing to the best of his inability. Infinitely you prefer the wit, the poet, the gossip, the verbal bully to this dull dog who makes a virtue of the honesty of his opinions.

Yet the first thing the despisers of critics (as who is not?) will slash at is the critics' disinterestedness. I have been ten times or more accused of enjoying and praising a certain strange, great play of last season because the author of it went to college with me. I have been bluntly told that my admiration for a certain actress' performance began when her second cousin began to do typewriting for me. The honestest intentions in the world cannot be a shield against fools' accusations after all. It is not the fear of what ninnies will say that prohibits me from any large social traffic with actors, playwrights or producers. It is only a matter of my own comfort. My own and theirs.

"Oh, well, critics are just paid to criticize," is the everlasting growl behind the scenes. You may not like the tone in which they declare it, any more than I do. But the declaration is none the less correct. The critic who plays the rôle of professional anathema is playing rightly, is playing what his small destiny and his newspaper proprietor have cast him for. It is his business to be the unwelcome guest, the carper, the examiner and toll-taker of the arts. It is his duty to resign himself to the fact that his presence would be an embarrassment amid the membership of the Lambs, his acquaintanceship a thorn, his personal felicitations out of place.

THE dramatic critic of one of London's chief papers tells how, as long ago as 1904, his celebrated editor remarked to him: "You'll do your work more comfortably if you keep out of the society of the theatre." And he himself adds: "I felt he was right, and, the longer I went on, the more I realized that one really couldn't criticize people one had been dining with or entertaining over night."

It may, according to the breezy modern way of looking at life and letters, seem a trifle picayune to balk at the necessity to write grim, derogatory things about your last night's dancing partner. Her charm as a parlor dancer or as a golf companion may have nothing whatever to do with her power to declaim the death of Camille. Yet the old-fashioned gentleman (critics are always being thought old-fashioned, if not always gentlemen) is bound to find his niceties and susceptibilities woefully involved.

Actors and actresses must, I am sure, be delightful companions. Time teaches them the art of making themselves pleasing. One might learn manners from them, take grace from their grace, wisdom from their experience. Not without some inner struggle can the critic forego the thrills, benefits and gratifications of their company. But the English editor was certainly accurate: the society of the theatre is no suitable society for the critic.

A celebrated editor once said to his dramatic critic: "You'll do your work more comfortably if you keep out of the society of the theatre." The critic said: "I felt he was right and the longer I went on the more I realized that one really cannot criticize people one has been dining with or entertaining the night before." . . .

Some reviewers of the drama do not agree with this. They so order their semi-private lives that they shall always be somewhere in a circle of theatrical folk. . . .

Flattery is the only extra compensation a critic will accept. And in the company of theatrical folk the critic fairly guzzles flattery, seeps and swells in it. . . .

Lobby importance is also a quaint affliction. No critic can ever be sure that he is immunized against it—or even that he wants to be. . . .

Other reviewers of the drama of the day do not agree with this, I know. Less than ever do they agree with this. They so order their semi-private lives that they shall always be somewhere in a circle of theatrical folk. The nearer to the center of that circle, of course, the better.

Flattery is the only extra compensation a critic—almost any critic, like unto any person at all—will accept. For flattery he has to sign no receipt. Flattery is not sent him in big boxes at embarrassing times like Christmas. It is an apparently harmless and non-habit-forming drug; and the consuming of it is only the most venial of sins. And in the company of theatrical folk the critic fairly guzzles flattery, seeps and swells in it. Inevitably, he enjoys the beautiful and spiritual luxury of doing small favors for the vastly famous. How sweet it is, for instance, to be called upon for advice.

There was a famous prima donna. There still is. Indeed, she is more famous now than ever. The critics of grand opera are unanimous concerning her voice and vocal style now. They were not always so. The knowing, grim old expert who writes about music and musicians for one of the major journals of the city used to delight in dissenting concerning her professional virtues. The prima donna raged—but to herself. She invited the critic to dine. He politely but tersely declined and said crueller things than ever of her voice. She had fits—but behind locked doors. She met the dear old gentleman at some big banquet. One of the stipulations of her singing there was the privilege of sitting next him. At the end of the *hors d'œuvres,* she began to thank him quietly, dignifiedly for his frank and helpful criticisms of her voice. She was not the least belligerent; she was never for a moment too humble. By the time the roast and salad arrived she had drawn tons of advice from him. By dessert and coffee she had promised gratefully to follow it. She tells this tale with just a little twinkle in her eye. And adds that, immediately henceforth, the critic found and reported her voice to be cured of its slightest flaw, a suddenly perfected miracle among voices.

"The best part of it is," she adds, "that he really believes it. I take great care to ask his advice at least once a season!"

Lobby importance is a quaint affliction. No critic can be sure that he is immunized against it—or even that he wants to be. Lobby importance has as much to do with the true worth and usefulness of a critic as a street-corner mailbox has to do with the love-letters that go into it. Nothing so quickly incubates a sense of lobby importance as a flourishing acquaintanceship with personages, mere people or small fry of the theatre world. Nothing so insidiously teaches a critic the ease of turning into a tattler, a babbler of back-stage gossip, a peddler of personalities instead of principles. Nothing so quickly persuades him that cute rapture over Ann Pennington's knees is a larger and lustier topic than Europe's present appreciation of Eugene O'Neill.

OF course the public presupposes that a critic knows a great deal more about the marital affairs and curvature of morals of every great artist than he is willing to tell in print. And it is true that the critic ought to have some knowledge of the backgrounds and circumstances of personalities on the stage, so that he can write about them with sufficient tact and deeper understanding.

(*Continued on page* 62)

What I Do With Twenty-Four Hours a Day

Broadway Favorites Tell How They Spend Their Time When Away from the Stage

BY GRANT MITCHELL,
Now appearing in "One of the Family"

MY theory is punctilious punctuality. My practice is to be late before I am out of bed. It begins the night before. I arrive at home from the theatre at one o'clock. I leave on my dining-room table a note where my man will not fail to find it because it is there every morning. That is to us a post-office, a means of making appointments, as significant, if not as romantic, as the mail-box in the hollow of a tree used by a Maud Muller and her contraband suitor. I write "Call me at ten."

Then I glance at the dining-room table. My man has literally obeyed me. "Not much to eat." I'm a little long on poundage this month. "Just a trifle of fruit, in case I should want it." But what a trifle. And how the man arranges it. He should have been an artist. He has shown his sense of line by the way he has arranged that fruit, a great pineapple, its leaves glistening above a surrounding mound of oranges, apples, bananas, persimmons, a bunch of grapes, a peach. I eat them all, reflecting that fruit does not disturb the digestion. One may eat enormous quantities of it. Is it not for the most part water? Then I decide that it were better to maintain a fairly vertical posture to permit the fruit to begin the process of digestion.

I remember that all of that day before I have felt an aching mental void. I have not yet read my morning newspaper. I take my *Times* from its resting place on my reading stand. It turns a reproachful face upward. I determine to glance at the first page, the theatrical page, the financial page and the page on which I find the deaths. Don't you feel cheated if you do not find at least one of your friends on that page? I do. I have lost something of drama. If I am thus cheated, I must turn the pages until I find the marriages. I find someone I know there and am comforted. A bit of the conflict of forces that furnishes drama is there promised.

"BUT," I further reflect, "it will take more than a few minutes to read those pages. I will tear up the note and write another." I write "Please call at half past ten." I then scan the allotted pages, turn back and read them and all the others. The paper is interesting. They are doing engrossing things at Albany and Washington. Governor Smith has signed the housing bill, though an opposing legislature has deleted his projected bank. At Washington, President Coolidge maintains his stand of prohibition enforcement. I read the paper from cover to cover. Its half past two. I tear up the note and write "Call me at eleven."

I am called at eleven. It is an unwelcome task. I rise with reluctance. I look over the telephone messages that have arrived. I am to lunch with a critic who calls himself constructive. He reminds me that he is to meet me at one. I have made the appointment at the Harvard Club. You may leave a guest at a club table with more inward and outward grace than you can beneath your own section of the roof of an apartment house.

"Plenty of time," I decide. But I have reckoned without telephone delays. I am to call up a famous author. I telephoned his hotel. "What number did you call?" The voice over the telephone is sweet, but its owner is imperturbable. I repeat it. I repeat the repetition. I mention that number slowly, with painful precision, five times. Then another voice says, "Will you please tell me what number you gave the other operator?" At last I get the author's Summer address and his telephone number. Ten more minutes have escaped. We talk—too long. More telephone slips. More delays. Nearly an hour gone.

I have twin beds. One of them is never occupied. Not humanly. I use the couch beside mine for a table on which to spread memoranda. As I use the floor of my

(*Continued on page* 64)

Arnold Bennett, the famous English author, in his book "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day" says:

"Time is the inexplicable raw material of everything. With it all is possible. Without it nothing. Time is a great deal more than money. If you have time you obtain money—usually. The supply of time is truly a daily miracle, an affair genuinely astonishing if one examines it. You wake up in the morning and lo! your purse is filled with twenty-four hours of the unmanufactured tissue of the universe of your life. We shall never have any more time. We have, and have always had, all the time there is. Its right use, its most effective use, is a matter of the highest urgency and of the most thrilling actuality. Your happiness—that elusive prize that all are clutching for, my friends—depends upon that."

BY HELEN GAHAGAN,
Recently seen in "Young Woodley"

I AWAKE at ten. It is later than most actresses do. But if I began my day any earlier, I should walk dazedly through my first hours. When I had classes at nine in college, I was always late and invariably unable to concentrate.

I am the victim of a late-rising inheritance. My father, who is one of the best engineers in this country, has always been a late riser, because he is an inveterate reader and does his reading in bed. Human beings have been divided, according to their hours for rising, into owls and larks. The owls are the late risers, the larks the early risers. The human owls go late to bed and the larks retire early. The late or early rising is traceable to the late or early retiring habits. The Gahagan family is unmistakably of the owl variety.

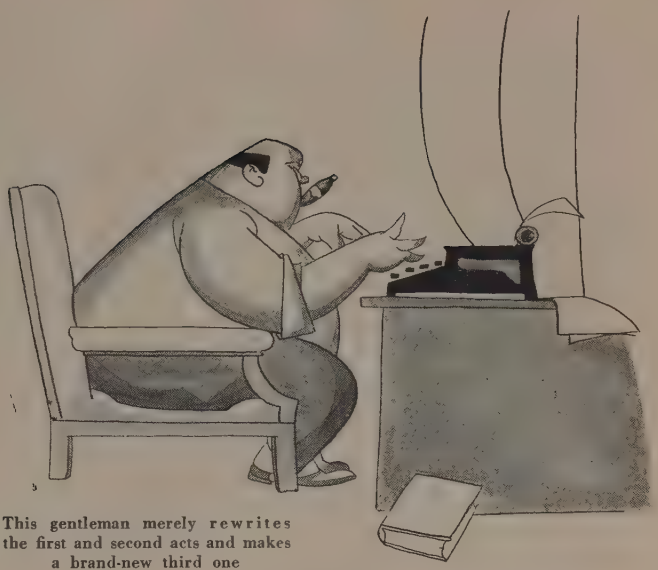
I begin my day with a tepid bath, then slip back into bed for my toast and coffee and to read. I read books. I never read newspapers. They do not interest me. My mother, who was a teacher—she taught Indians in the West at sixteen—never allowed me to read the newspapers. She said that if I did I might not read books. I read, for a half-hour, any book that at the moment interests me. I do not read novels. I do read science. Biography is profoundly interesting to me. I have read everything that has been printed about Napoleon. And Abraham Lincoln. I am always buying books. Six a week is my average. I would hate to tell what my book bill is.

Then I go to New York for a lesson. I take twelve lessons a week. They are music, dancing, diction and the languages, French and Italian. I taxi from the home on the Park Slope in Brooklyn to whatever teacher I have my first appointment with for that day. Then the next lesson.

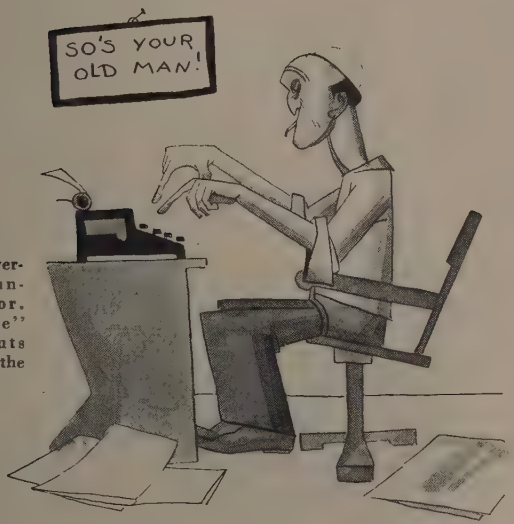
WE had three matinées of *Young Woodley* a week. On matinée days I go from my last lesson to play a performance. What I do between those two performances depends upon whether I have contrived to do that which is indispensable for my day, walk an hour. It may be that my lessons have been longer than usual. They may have overlapped and I may only have had a chance to do a half-hour's walking between my appointments. In that case I lie on the army cot that I had set up in my dressing-room for an hour and a half. And walk for another half hour. Then I go to some little restaurant or tea-room in

(*Continued on page* 64)

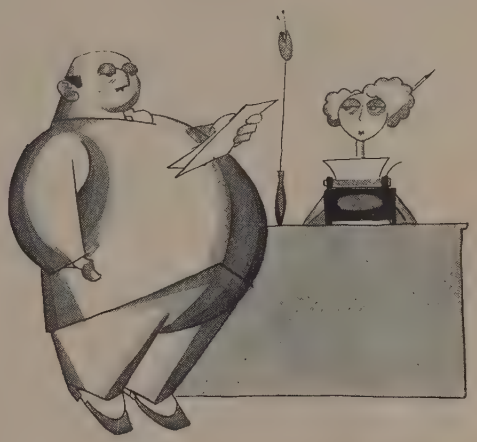
Mr. Sidney Peapickle, inspired by the gods, writes the great epic, *Beyond the Cosmic*, which, strange to relate, is accepted for production



This gentleman merely rewrites the first and second acts and makes a brand-new third one

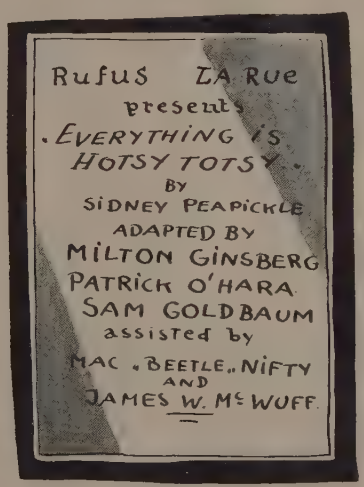


Behold the ever-bubbling fountain of humor, Mac "Beetle" Nifty, who puts the gags into the masterpiece



Mr. Ginsberg, having that Frenchy turn of mind, puts some of the atmosphere of gay Paree into the opus

Last but not least, the master minds deliberate for days till they find an appropriate title



The result

THE MAKING OF A BROADWAY PLAY

(Sketches by Hans Stengel)

The Pest Dramatists

Where Molnár, Vajda and Other Famous Hungarians Sit Planning New Entertainment for Broadway

By SANFORD J. GREENBURGER

IF Paris has its Montmartre, London its clubs, New York its Great White Way, Budapest has its coffee-houses. The streets of Hungary's capital are literally lined with cafés as were Manhattan's thoroughfares before the Great Drought.

Coffee, like absinthe, has always been a spur to intellectual effort. Every city in the world has had its literary cafés. Shakespeare, you will remember, together with his friends, Ben Jonson and Sir Walter Raleigh, gossiped and made merry in the famous Mermaid Tavern. Addison and Steele edited the *Tattler* from Dick's Coffee-House. In more recent days Verlaine and Baudelaire penned most of their poetry on the marble-topped tables of Paris cafés.

Budapest carries on the tradition. In its coffee-houses, at a regular hour every day, one finds the men who to-day are most active in furnishing the world, especially New York, with plays —Ferenc Molnár, author of *Liliom, The Guardsman* and *The Swan;* Ernest Vajda, whose *Fata Morgana* made him known in America overnight; Melchior Lengyel, of *Czarina* and *Antonia* fame; Lajos Biro; Emmerich Kálman, composer of *The Circus Princess;* Albert Szirmai and many another confectioner of the theatre who started out to conquer the world.

Sketch by Leo Kober

At the table of the "Young Titans" in the Budapest café the famous Molnár, playwright universal, pompous and given to obesity, with a monocle stuck in his eye, sits surrounded by a retinue of scarcely less brilliant followers. Vajda is the hirsute gentleman on the extreme left

SEVERAL years before the war Budapest's literary life was concentrated in the gorgeously appointed Café New York, boasting, besides its American name, of its location on the street front of the New York Life Insurance Company's building. At a long table, just a few paces to the left of the entrance, was enthroned Ferenc Molnár, pompous and given to obesity, with a monocle stuck in his eye, surrounded by a retinue of barely less brilliant followers. "The Young Titans" they were called. All of them, save Melchior Lengyel, who spent several weeks in New York last Fall while staging his *Antonia* with Marjorie Rambeau, were newspaper men—star reporters, columnists, editorial writers, critics of the drama, politics or art. They selected a small complement of musicians to relieve the monotony of their own kind.

There sat Eugene Heltai, the poet, author of countless short stories and novels, writer of plays about the boys and girls, good and bad, of Budapest. He is a jovial fellow, often seen in the cafés along the Paris boulevards and lately fraternizing with social America at Max Reinhardt's annual festival in Salzburg. He is president of the Hungarian Society of Dramatic Authors. Melchior Lengyel was, at that time, just trying his wings in the theatre and relied on a livelihood on his salary as a clerk in an insurance office. To-day he has grown into the Samuel Shipman of Hungary and, besides, has written a hilariously incompetent book of praise about these United States.

While Molnár, Heltai and Lengyel belong to the fraternity of fat men, László Lakatos, author of several brilliant, witty plays, is the skinniest writer in Central Europe. His *Sapphire Ring* failed here last season because of incompetent and meddlesome translation. Henry Baron promises better results with his impending production of Lakatos' *Day and Night.* Sándor Hajo, elegant yet profound dramatist; Ernö Szép, fantastic dreamer of poetry, whose small stature and handsome face have had not a little share in making Budapest flappers rave over his writings; Daniel Jób, journalist, and, at the present time, director general of the American Ben Blumenthal's Vigszinház, and Hugo Csergö, now an eminent novelist, whose fine, delicate play, *The Inner Light,* has been promised to American playgoers by Horace Liveright, complete the writers' circle. The complement of musicians was small—there were only three of note: the late Victor Jacobi, composer of *Sybil* and *Marriage Market;* Emmerich Kálmán, who has taken his place among the renowned manufacturers of Viennese operetta, giving to America *Sári* and *Countess Maritza,* and Albert Szirmai, the jovial fat fellow with red hair and moustache, whose *Runaway Princess* is about to be released on Broadway by George Choos, his compatriot.

AS year passed year on their way toward the Great War, Molnár began more and more to realize his greatness. He demanded abject respect from everybody. He would change coffee-houses on the slightest provocation. In the early Spring of 1914 a tremendous shock rocked the very foundation of Hungarian literary life. About two o'clock one morning, after the Molnár crowd had been sitting in the New York Café for several hours, the author of *The Swan* asked a waiter to bring him another glass of cognac. But the waiter forgot to fill the order and—*horribile dictu!*—the great playwright and columnist was compelled to repeat his request. Next day Molnár and his close followers, for even in those days it was difficult to find a man he would consider sufficiently his equal to call him his friend, moved to the Café Palermo, several blocks away. It was here that he and Max Reinhardt became close friends, talking for weeks on end until the dawn of each new day.

The table of the "Young Titans" in the New York was long the center of attraction in the gilded, bemirrored café, loud with the clatter of dishes and swarming with waiters hurrying hither and thither, occasionally drenching an unoffending patron with a cup of hot coffee. Often a lay visitor at the café would stop near this table of the gods, remove his hat as a sign of deep respect and look on, happy that he was

(*Continued on page* 62)

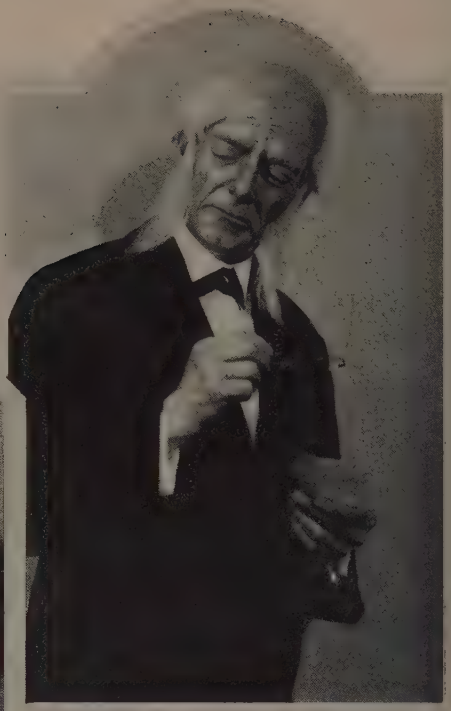
Maurice Goldberg

"THE CLINGING VINE"

Exquisitely symbolized by its star, Leatrice Joy, this new Cecil De Mille film was created by Zelda Sears. Tom Moore and Robert Edson are co-stars of this vivid production, soon to be released

Morris Harvey, English comedian, whose humorous artistry sways from a "Man Grown Old" to a temperamental, gabbling Frenchman and back again to 'Enery 'Opkins

Evelyn Herbert, through her refinement and sweet singing, carries with her the environment of the music-room—a genial touch



Varied are the vagaries of Donald Calthrop, who makes a splendid comedy team with Morris Harvey. Calthrop's wit is as keen in one skit as in another

Photos by Vandamm

The hypnotic wildfire of Emil Boreo is so powerful that the audience enthusiastically responds to his agreeable and dynamic personality

Grace Hayes, so delightfully droll that one wonders why she "is nothing but the bridesmaid at every wedding"

"THE MERRY WORLD" SCORES AT THE IMPERIAL

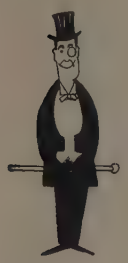
New International Revue, appropriately called, not a dull moment in it

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play

Watch the Expression on His Face

THE Summer is here and with it the Summer shows, a long string of 'em, draped and undraped, each typical of its class and making a special appeal to the t. b. m.: *Garrick Gaieties, Great Temptations, Merry World, George White Scandals, Ziegfeld No Foolin', Earl Carroll Vanities, Grand Street Follies*—all girly-girly, song-and-dance shows and most of 'em presenting a liberal display of feminine nudity.

HONORABLE mention goes to the *Garrick Gaieties*—not for its opulence or brilliance nor for its spangled phantasmagoria, but for its obvious effort to appeal to mind rather than body. No scenes of Eden—in order to disclose a naked Adam and Eve—no brothel scenes to stimulate the feeble and no swinging pendulums thrown into the audience to alarm "poor, weak mortals after all." These naïve, unsophisticated, innocently amusing *Gaieties* provide perhaps tame entertainment, but furnish happy opportunities for Philip Loeb, Edith Meiser, Romney Brent, Eleanor Shaler, Bobbie Perkins, Sterling Holloway, Betty Starbuck and other excellent performers in the cast.



THE GREAT TEMPTATIONS, the Shuberts' new revue at the Winter Garden, which bears all the earmarks of a costly production, rings the changes on other spectacles featuring nudity in that it has a naked man as well as naked women. Monsieur Capella, the nimble Frenchman who dances with his partner, Mlle. Roseray, is a fine figure of a man, and all he wears is a few beads. The girl has little more on. One gasps at the audacity of the naked pair, but as the program progresses and one sees the show-girls not merely posing in so-called art *tableaux,* but marching with bosoms bared, one becomes callous and wonders why, after all—our morals being what they are—such a sensible, airy costume should not be adopted for the street, especially in the heated term. The sketches are on the usual order—some funny, others dull. A few frankly suggestive. One of the more suggestive ones was ordered deleted by the play jury. *Officer O'Fishent* is very amusing, so is the skit on *The Shanghai Gesture.* There is excellent dancing by the Guy Sisters from Paris and by the Deuell Sisters, a team new to Broadway, and good comedy by those old favorites, Billy B. Van, Hazel Dawn and Jack Benny. The Kelo Brothers scored heavily with their rube acrobatic comedy and the Fat Girl Chorus, with its sixteen lady heavyweights, is also a joyous hit.

I DON'T know if the late Joseph Pulitzer, in his wisdom, made any provision to award a prize to the best *décolleté* show of the year, but I should unhesitatingly award it to the *Merry World,* now on view at the Imperial. No one who likes to regale his eyes on a rare feast of feminine loveliness, ravishingly costumed, or who enjoys a hearty laugh at clean, crisp, sophisticated comedy can afford to miss this gorgeous, snappy, clever show.

The long bill does not contain a dull number. The stage settings, the curtains, the ensembles furnish a splendid spectacle in which novelty, blaze of color, artistry of groupings, general pep hold the audience entranced. The sketches are all good, clean and far above the average in wit and originality. Uncontrollable hilarity is unrestrained all through the evening. Never did entertainment live up to its title better!

The show, a sort of *Charlot Revue à la Shubert,* is international in character, most of its principal performers being English and French comedians, with Russian dancers, Hungarian clowns and stunning American show-girls thrown in for good measure. To Morris Harvey, the English comedian, formerly of the "Nine o'Clock Revue," falls the lion's share of the honors. As the Cockney tippler in the London pub, but more especially as a bearded Frenchman in an uproariously funny burlesque sketch, he brought down the house. His old man in *When Men Grow Old* was another admirable bit of comedy acting. Donald Calthrop ran him a close second in comedy technique, and the Frenchman, Emil Boreo, was a delight both as eccentric dancer, pianist and comedian—a host in himself. *The Chastity Girdle* sketch could well be cut out. It is not funny and is the only suggestive blot on an otherwise irreproachable program. Evelyn Herbert's sweet voice and refined personality contributed much charm to many of the numbers; Olga Smirnova, the Russian, danced marvelously; Grace Hayes, a good-looking recruit from vaudeville, lent pep and vivacity to songs and sketches, and Dezso Retter was a scream as he wrestles violently with himself in the prize-fight arena.

A blue-ribbon winner among the Summer shows, with exquisite spectacular *tableaux* and fun fast and furious. The t. b. m. should eat it up.

THE outstanding *Scandal* of the new *George White Revue,* at the Apollo, was the $55 charged for seats on the opening night. Shows of the same class I have enjoyed much more cost far less. To be sure, a lot of money has been spent on the production. Some of the settings, notably the *Triumph of Woman,* the *Birth of the Blues,* the "Tassel Girls" in *My Jewels* are as gorgeous effects as regards color, novelty and splendor in design and execution as anything of the kind ever attempted. But the show itself is dull and lacking in pep. The senseless nudity bores one. The girls' bony knees in the opening number, *Talent Is What the Public Wants,* are far from inspiring. Ann Pennington, an old favorite, does some energetic stepping, but her efforts left this observer cold. Harry Richman, the dapper interlocutor, improves as the bill progresses. He is at his best in the sentimental and tuneful duo, *The Girl Is You.* Many of the sketches are poor. *The Feud,* noisy and silly, might well be omitted. Others, such as *A Western Union,* a crude burlesque on the Mackay-Irving wedding, are in bad taste. The sad truth is there is a deadly stale sameness about all these revues. The nudity is not so shameless as idiotic. Some day their producers will wake up and invent something new.

HARDLY a stimulant to Summer audiences are the *Grand Street Follies of 1926.* Most amusing are "Uncle Tom's Cabin," staged in a Moscow Art constructivist setting with music syncopated from *Carmen* and "Mrs. Feitelbaum sees The Dybbub," written by Milt Gross. Since the choice of refreshment of the Neighborhood Playhouse is satiric draughts and not specialized individual talent—one leaves the *Follies* feeling quite pleased.

Plays You Ought to See

BRIDE OF THE LAMB—An exceptionally interesting and forceful play of religious fanaticism and suppressed desire. Well acted by Alice Brady, Wilbur Crane and competent cast.

CRAIG'S WIFE—Comedy of a domestic tyrant. Only fair to middling as a play, but carried to success by splendid performance of Chrystal Herne as the shrewish wife. Won Pulitzer Prize for 1925.

KONGO—A colorful melodrama of bush life in darkest Africa. Vivid and gripping. Well acted by Walter Huston and good cast.

THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY—Smart and entertaining crook play, with Ina Claire as a girl thief who wins her way in society.

THE MERRY WORLD—A really worth-while revue, with gorgeous *mise en scène,* clever sketches and fun a-plenty. Not a dull moment from start to finish. A blue-ribbon winner among the Summer shows.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS—Brilliant revival of the Barrie play. One of the rare treats of the late season, with Helen Hayes playing the rôle of Maggie and Kenneth MacKenna taking the part of John Shand, the ambitious railway porter.

Brunette Discovers Gentlemen Prefer Blondes

Anita Loos Tells How She Came to Write the Book That Made Her Famous

By B. F. WILSON

THE author of that clever little book, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," which has swept like an hysterical monsoon all over the country, is a young and pretty brunette.

Anita Loos stands some half inch over four feet in her absurdly tiny, extremely high-heeled French slippers. She looks about twelve from the rear and no more than sixteen from the front. She is a snare and a delusion. Nowhere on her countenance can there be found the faintest trace of that supersophisticated wisdom and cynical knowledge of life, and men and women that would have drawn the respect of Rabelais and the envy of Voltaire.

She is as blandly feminine in appearance as her now world-famous "Lorelei Lee." Her large eyes and dark hair, cropped like an Eton schoolboy, gives her an air of perpetual masquerade. The short "snub" nose and the rather wide mouth complete a whole which invariably suggests the word "cute."

This extremely youthful-looking person, however, has had a career which many men would envy. Anita is a self-made woman. She has been an actress, a newspaper reporter, a scenario writer, a playwright, a producer—and the wife and guiding influence of one of America's leading theatrical figures. In private life she is Mrs. John Emerson. For years Mr. Emerson has been president of the Actors' Equity Association, the most powerful theatrical organization in the country. But although the John Emerson-Anita Loos combination had piled up dollars and kudos as writers of clever motion-picture comedies and more or less successful plays which had appeared on Broadway, it was not until last year that the real crown of glory was handed Miss Loos on a golden platter.

I WAS sitting with her in the charming drawing-room of their house on East Fifty-fifth Street. The creator of "Lorelei Lee" was recovering from a flu attack which has left her weak and exhausted. She looked so tiny lying on the large sofa that you could have picked her up, slipped her into your pocket and walked off before she would have been missed.

John Emerson tucked a pillow behind her head, adjusted a lovely Italian shawl around her feet and then turned his attention to a belated lunch which had been brought in on a tray by the Japanese servant. Between bites he gave orders to a secretary. They were sailing in two days for a complete rest in the southern part of France. Anita had been ordered away by her physician, and they were stealing off to the Riviera for two months, where if possible the young author will forget she ever heard the word blonde mentioned.

"I hadn't any idea of starting a serial or a book when I wrote the first instalment," she said. "A magazine editor asked me to do some articles. I had the idea of 'Lorelei Lee' in my head, so I just wrote it down. She was only to live for one article, but then they liked her so much that I was asked to continue with her. So I went on and on until I ran out of situations and had to stop.

"It's really terrible," she continued. "Because I can't control myself and say

Nickolas Muray

ANITA LOOS

She looks about twelve from the rear and no more than sixteen from the front, but this diminutive, pretty brunette has written the cleverest book of the year

'no.' I keep on signing contracts for more and more work. I promise to have another instalment ready on such and such a date. Then I have so much to do I can't get it ready. And the editor calls up, and the press is waiting, and everybody raises a big fuss, and I have to drop everything I am doing and get the article ready. I ought to write ahead, I know. But when you have a book published which you never dreamed was going to be published, and you have to talk to the publisher about the next one, and see a thousand people, and rehearse a play and watch the play open, and run around getting the right person to play the part, to say nothing of ordering the proper clothes and sets and everything, you have just about reached the limit.

"When the play (made from *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*) opened in Detroit, I was so fed up with it from constant rehearsal that I knew it would be a failure. John and I sat in a box, and I wondered how in the name of all that was wonderful anybody on earth could see anything funny in it. Before the curtain went up, I was certain there wasn't a laugh in the whole thing, but when the people began to giggle and then laugh out loud, I was so surprised I almost fainted.

"That's where I got the flu. I was completely exhausted and worn out from the whole thing. The nervous strain was awful because everyone we knew kept on impressing us with the obvious fact that there wasn't a play in the book."

Here John interrupted.

"It's broken records in Chicago," he said. "We are playing out there in the New Auditorium. They are standing them up every night. It's already beaten anything that has been there this year, except the *Follies*, of course. Hope it does as well when we open it here in New York next October."

I READ some of the Western critics on the subject. "Funniest play that has been in Chicago in years." "A hit of the most sure-fire type." "Anita Loos and John Emerson have written the comedy success of the year." "Will amuse Chicago through the hottest Summer days, we know." "The biggest laugh of the year." And so on.

All of which goes to prove conclusively that the only thing a man can do when chasing his new straw hat down a muddy street is to laugh. In *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* the complete malleability of the male sex in the hands of a blonde female professional beauty has caused more than one man to squirm in his seat, even though the smile appears on his face. Lorelei Lee, the guileless (?) heroine, makes the James Boys look like small-town pikers. Although her parents aren't mentioned in the book, she must have been sired by Captain Kidd. Lillith gave her birth. She could sell a gold brick to President Coolidge and make him deliver the Gettysburg Address in honor of the occasion. Her tarradiddlery sounds like the Ten Commandments to each man in turn, and the inventions of her mind fall on the ears of her victims like the songs of Ulysses' sirens.

All this chicanery is done with the most marvelous subtlety. Not by a word is the real profession of the fair Lorelei mentioned. No act depicts how or why she manages to make of every man she meets a cully. Her work is as smooth as silk, and the subtle manner in which the author proves the deadliness of the beautiful and the dumb female species is the highest art of literary skill. Such keen satire has not been written in many a day.

When the play reaches New York, it will be found that the necessary changes have made it even more laughable than the diary. The high spots of the book have been turned into climaxes, and the principal characters move from America to England and Paris in hilarious and rapid sequence of situation and dénouement.

Wide World Studio

NO TIME FOR A "DUFFER"

Twenty-seven stories above Broadway, on the edge of the roof of the Hotel McAlpin, Jack Redmond, golf professional and trick club wielder of *Earl Carroll's Vanities*, tees off from the head of Theel Nelson (of the famous acrobatic family)

"'TIS NOT AN ANCIENT MARINER"

Without long, gray beard—but with glittering eye—John Barrymore is about to steer his yacht, racing under the colors of the Newport Yacht Club. "Ready, set, go!" and ten of the Pacific's crack yachts and skippers started together in the annual race from Los Angeles to Honolulu

Wide World Studio

John Weiss, Inc.

(*Left*)
"THE WETS AGAINST THE DRYS"

(Volstead is not the referee, either) Members of the chorus of *No, No, Nanette*, at Luna Park, Coney Island. The referee told us that the "drys" lost because they were working "under cover"

UNDER THE VENETIAN SKY

Max Reinhardt, the famous theatrical manager, and his two sons dodge the penetrating rays of "sunny Italy" off the private beach of the Excelsior Hotel at Lido

NOVEL PRESCRIPTION FOR WARM WEATHER

Marilyn Miller, more like "Sonny" than "Sunny," has discovered a new way to keep kool. "Let the horses do the work!" says she

Edwin Bower Hesser

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

Players who can play off the stage as well as on

Personality?

The Magic Tie That Exists Between Audience and Successful Entertainer

By THODA COCROFT

LAST year, in *Lady, Be Good,* a pair of entertainers was inserted in the cast towards the end of the engagement to replace the departing "Ukulele Ike." Because they were unknown to Broadway and were last-minute fill-ins, no one paid any particular attention to their début. They wore bell-boy suits and played and sang in "high-yellar" make-ups. Their first night on Broadway they "stopped the show." Yet there was nothing in their costume, make-up or type of entertainment to distinguish them from the countless pairs in musical comedies and revues known as mediocre. No astonishing or unusual characteristic singled them out from the rest of the song-and-dance brotherhood. And yet, in the language of Broadway, they were a "hit." What did they have, these two? The conventional answer is "personality." But too frequently, in the theatre, this magic which exists between entertainer and audience has been called personality. What does it mean? Why is it, that some entertainers "get across" and some don't?

How often this season have you had this experience at a big revue? You are ushered to your seat. The first elaborate act is under way. A soft shoe dancer has succeeded a humorous sketch. A tableau follows. In the midst of the applause for the nude show girls, a ballad singer comes out on the stage. He is handsome, well dressed. His voice is true, perfectly pitched. The audience is warm and receptive and ready to listen to him. But curiously, he does not win your immediate approval. During his first song, you are pleasantly attentive, still basking in the warm glow excited by the preceding numbers. But gradually as the singer continues to sentimentalize about the *moon* and *June, baby* and *maybe,* his audience falls imperceptibly away from him. Towards the end of his number some late arrivals in evening dress, whose seats are in the second row, come noisily down the center aisle. With this disturbance, the entertainer loses out completely. And when his song is finished a moment later, he retreats into the wings with the barest flutter of applause.

THE late comers, of course, are a "bad break." They have disturbed the singer's concentration. Yet making allowances for the bad break, there is something lacking. The artist's voice is good. In addition he's handsome. He has a good carriage. He seems to be a pleasant person. But in putting over his song, the magical thing is lacking.

Personality again! What does it mean? Consider the most engaging persons of your acquaintance. How many of them would remain irresistible on the stage? Reverse the situation of the professional entertainer. Frequently the most jocular "personality" from behind the footlights is a very unpleasant person to know as a husband, sweetheart or a friend.

To go back to the handsome singer in the musical revue. When he comes out a second time on the stage, there are no bad breaks, such as late comers to detract from his song. He begins to sing easily enough, but still the magic is lacking. Why doesn't he thrill you? Why doesn't he electrify you? Why doesn't he stop the show? He has everything in his favor, it seems—at least all of the obvious graces. But the soul-snatching element's missing!

What is personality? Why is it that some entertainers "get across" and some don't? A singer comes out on the stage. He is handsome, well dressed. He seems to be a pleasant person. His voice is true, perfectly pitched. When his song is finished he retires into the wings with the barest flutter of applause. The magical thing is missing—personality! Another singer follows him. He isn't handsome. His voice is not nearly as good. Yet he possesses the magic that brings in the four-figure weekly pay envelope. The audiences go wild over him. Just personality!

Where lies this illusive essence of personality which draws a four-figure salary line of demarcation between the mediocre entertainer and the big success?

During the season one of the best examples of successful "personalities" has been singing at the Winter Garden. His voice is not nearly as good as many struggling singers I know. And certainly in his black-face make-up he isn't handsome. Yet he possesses the magic that brings in the four-figure weekly pay envelope. He draws thousands of dollars' worth of box-office trade in every city where he sings. This man knows the secret of rubbing Aladdin's lamp and bringing out the little genii which exude "personality."

In the *Artists and Models* revue, he did not come in until the second half of the show; and when he came it was not an eager, alert audience but one that was tired and rather lethargic, one that *demanded* entertainment and was unwilling to give so much as a half-way expression of encouragement. Yet before the first song was over this black-faced entertainer roused them from their somnolence. "I'm Sitting on Top of the World" brought noisy applause. At "Rock-a-Bye-Baby" that audience, like every audience when Al Jolson sings a mammy-song, went wild. In spite of the hour (it was after eleven-thirty) they stormed for more. With their critical faculties under a temporary opiate, they gave themselves up to purely sentimental evaluations. Sick of the doubts and conflicts of every-day life, they gladly surrendered to the sense of whole-hearted mother-love which was unalloyed by any other impression. There was no reflection. No deliberation. When Al Jolson sings, he so completely throws himself into his song that the audience has no chance to be reflective. So engrossed does he become in his work that everything else is blotted out. He has the abandon of a small child. And, like the small child who is unembarrassed and whole-hearted in his play, so Jolson is unaware of any self-imposed restraints. He is younger than Peter Pan. There are no mental reservations; no inhibitions. He is intensive, naïve, unashamed. He sings with the single-minded zeal and abandon of which a more reticent person would be mortified.

"Mammy! Mammy!"

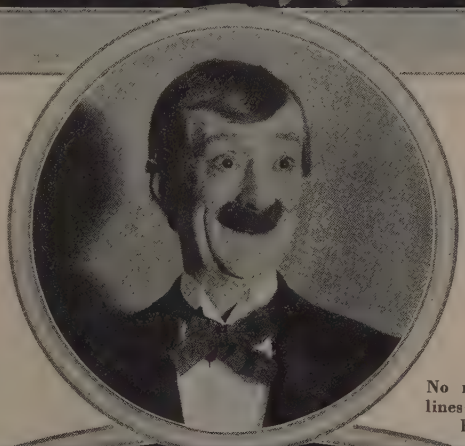
Now he is bending down over the footlights. He is throwing child's kisses into the air. He is the child himself. So intense has he become in his concentration upon the song, that like the Indian philosophers who reach blissful oblivion through the act of concentrating upon it, he has achieved a temporary Nirvana. He has swept away everything else but the one dominant impression. He has completely identified himself with his mammy-song sentiment.

IN watching Jolson it is easy to see what's wrong with the handsome and seemingly attractive singers who don't get across "big" in revues. With these, there are definite mental reservations. They are unable to give themselves up to complete abandon. Their critical minds keep looking in upon them. It embarrasses them to face a total lack of restraint. They are ashamed to throw baby kisses into the air. As a result they are unable to put over one dominant impression because other elements keep intruding. Consequently the critical faculties of the audience are held alert and not put under the opiate of forgetfulness as they are in Jolson's singing. For only in the complete annihilation of mental reservations lies that magic which we call "personality" in an entertainer.

(*Continued on page* 58)

After having been theatrically choked off as Florence Ames' nagging wife, Hazel Dawn is reincarnated as charming "Valencia"

MORE PARISIAN FLUFF
A Guy Sister dances before a plumed curtain



"FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE DANCERS"
One of the Guy Sisters from Paris

No matter what his lines—it is always Billy B. Van

The thrills and frills of Paris brought to New York by Rosearry and Capella in their vivaciously mirthful dance

Photos by Vandamm

ALLUREMENTS IN "THE GREAT TEMPTATIONS"

Spectacular effects and wealth in the Shuberts' new show at the Winter Garden

Adventures of a Woman Playwright

Some of the Terrible Things That Can and Do Happen Before a Broadway Opening

By LILLIAN BARRETT

Sketches by Archie Gunn

"BOULA boula, boula boula!" "Massa's in the cold cold ground." "One, two, three, kick!" "And you are the man I trusted so implicitly!"

So it drifted through the thin partitions: a pony ballet, a "nigger show," a Nick Carter melodrama. A monstrous conglomeration! Yet this was one of the best studio buildings in New York, one where reputable managers rehearsed reputable shows, side by side with unspeakable burlesque and rowdy musical comedies.

The star dropped her dignity to lend a hand with the hurdy-gurdy

I had started out that morning for the first rehearsal of my first play on Broadway. I had an overpowering sense of my own importance; I felt myself an impressive, dignified figure about to make theatrical history. Then suddenly here I was, shut in a room with that infernal racket all about me. "One, two, three, kick!" "Bulldog, bulldog, bow wow wow!" A crescendo of screams, a shrill whistling! We tried to shut our ears, but we couldn't shut our eyes to the amazing decorations of our own room. A job lot of paint had been purchased somewhere cheap; that was the only reasonable explanation. Azalia-colored walls; a malarial ceiling; chairs—green, red, purple, no two alike; and, beating down upon us from a large dormer skylight, the stark, cruel glare of the sun. I shall never forget it.

Twenty-five of us were herded there, feebly striving to be gay and conversational, trying to make a good impression. The star read out loud the play, *my* play. Was it really my play? The thing I had taken so seriously, put so much brain stuff into? *My* play, set in that room that looked like a cross-section of some physiological chart! And oh, the drench of the heat! The pony ballet sets up a senseless squeal; the woman in the melodrama is about to shoot—God knows whom! And the "one, two, three, kick!" keeps up steadily, persistently, like the throb of the drum in *Emperor Jones.*

THE reading of the play is finished; the members of the cast are congratulating me kindly, though with a dazed look in the eye, a bewildered wonder as to just what it's all about. Then begins something they call the layout. The fulsome green chair represents the piano; the purple settee is dragged up—this represents a cabinet full of priceless jade; the pink chair is the table. This door, the one into the hall, is supposed to lead to a sumptuous library; that one to a terrace banked with hydrangeas. This illusion all happily created, we now begin that most hideous of all ordeals—the placing of the actors.

"Now, you stand here, and you stand there; face a little more in that direction! Miss C., nearer by six inches to the window! On that cue, Miss L., sit there and cross your legs—so. At the word 'Time,' Mr. H., light a cigarette, take two puffs, then bend over Miss Q." Oh, the drag and weariness of that mechanical side of rehearsal!

At one-thirty we were allowed a half-hour for lunch, which consisted of a sandwich snatched at some near-by drug-store, where we sat up on high stools with other snatching, jostling mortals and spilled things all over ourselves and one another. The more seasoned actors wisely stayed in at lunch time. A cigarette and a bottle of Zoolac! Or a dreadnought of a sandwich sent in from a German place, with pickles and cheese and wilted lettuce and an anæmic slice of tomato all spilling out from pieces of bread an inch thick! When the pickles dropped on the floor, as they invariably did, they bounced about like rubber balls.

The first day we had to change rooms at the studio at a certain hour. There was an awkward intermission, during which we all sat in the hall on a string of fire-buckets covered with a plank. There was no telephone in the building; all calls had to be sent from a pay station around the corner. I hung my cloak in the dressing-room that first morning, recklessly, carelessly; something that crawled and bit got into it. I learned a scarifying lesson before night. And always, going up and down with you in the elevator, were those girls or women or children—whatever it was that made up the corps of that pony ballet. Not one of them was over four feet, wild-eyed, with hair standing on end, painted, giggling, grotesque! Gulliver, among the Lilliputians, could have felt no greater stupefaction than I did among those ghastly ghouls.

Two members of the cast met with disaster eating bad oysters

The next day we rehearsed at a theatre. That was better. There is a cool remoteness about an empty theatre that fosters the sense of your being a dignified unit, rather than a shattered bit of a helter-skelter industry. Of course, there are props to trip over, and fire-doors to wrestle with, and skeleton stairs to catch your heel in and fall down, but on the whole it's rather jolly. The Henry Miller, the Booth, the Punch and Judy, a dozen others; we welcomed them gaily. Only the studio assignments reduced us to limp misery.

Gradually the cast began to take on human outlines in my eyes. We collected in groups and talked. Personalities began to come to the fore. Most of them knew each other, had played together in this company or that, been in stock in South Africa or Australia together. A very human lot of people, with relatives and Fords and aches and ecstasies like ordinary mortals on the other side of the footlights!

The burly stage manager substituting for the ingénue

AN amusing actress said once that she always pitied the poor playwright. "When he sees his cast rounded up for the first time, he's lucky if they are all white." I have to admit I drew a good lot of actors, even if they didn't suit my conception of the characters they played. We were all bound together those first few weeks by general weariness of body and the mental strain of the confusion. During the third week of rehearsals, we changed managers. This, through some technicality, meant trouble with Equity, and we almost had a strike of our actors called. We were all thrown into a hysterical panic. I thought I was going to lose my play; the actors faced the possibility of being thrown out of work in a slack time. The opening, which was booked for Rochester, was postponed, and we really weren't sure an adjustment could be reached until the day before we started on the road. Added to this difficulty was the rumor that, owing to the theatre shortage, we might not *ever* get into New York. Let me say here we opened in Rochester on November 27, but we didn't get a New York theatre until the following April.

(*Continued on page* 22)

Monroe

MITZI—Hungarian

The proud tilt of her head is typical of the high-spirited, temperamental and care-free Magyar

(*Below*)

ALLA NAZIMOVA—
Russian

The intensity, melancholy and profound thinking of the race are perfectly expressed by this tragédienne

Goldberg

Nickolas Muray

ESTELLE WINWOOD—English

Expresses so well the reserved, decorous and deliberate, well-mannered Englishwoman

Chidnoff

OLGA
PETROVA—
Polish

The beauty and grace of Poland's women are exemplified by this artist, who embodies the romantic and also the impulsive characteristics of her countrywomen

PATRICIA
COLLINGE—
Irish

Her whimsical eyes bespeak the humor and quick wit of Ireland—the charm and wistfulness emanating from Dublin

Goldberg

BORN UNDER FOREIGN SKIES

Stars of different nationalities who have given added lustre to Broadway's brilliant firmament

The vague tentative "few weeks' tour" we were sent out on resolved itself into weary months.

THE last ten days of rehearsals were bedlam let loose. Scenic artists, electricians, the costumer were interrupting every moment; each member of the cast had last shopping to do, a final appointment with the dentist, an important fitting. Someone was out trying to buy a hurdy-gurdy; someone else was in pursuit of a hypodermic needle; both were important properties. We scarcely ever had a full rehearsal. The burly stage manager was substituting for the ingénue; the butler was playing the juvenile. We had a number of Italians in the cast. They didn't talk English. Execrable Italian and bad French added to the uproar. I couldn't read the stage manager's handwriting; the director couldn't read mine; the stenographer couldn't read either. And always there was some script being mislaid, some cue copy lost.

"Why can't you wear the hat you have on?"

The play was rapidly undergoing a transformation. Scenes were rewritten, altered, cut out. Consultations resolved into heated arguments. We rehearsed from ten to five, but always there were special rehearsals before and after. I went home each night with certain lines to be achieved before morning. An old note-book discloses the following: Think up before to-morrow a line of some French song that means "I'd be happy with either with t'other dear charmer away"; a quick paradoxical exchange between Paddy and Roger about destiny; an equivocal line for Buchanan about a mother-in-law.

The reporters and special interviewers now added themselves to the general chaos; then the wig man and musicians put in an appearance. A few days before we left, two important members of the cast and the assistant stage management went to an automat during the luncheon hour, which had dwindled by then to fifteen minutes. There they ate some bad oysters. They were taken desperately ill and had to be sent home. One of the girls fainted dead away on the street and was taken to a hospital before her identity was established. I have to admit that solicitude for the unfortunate ones was mingled with concern for ourselves. How under heavens could we open without them? We could double up with understudies in certain emergencies; we did over and over again on tour. But the loss of three important members was fatal. However, pale, sick and shaky, those three crawled back in time for the final rehearsal the last day.

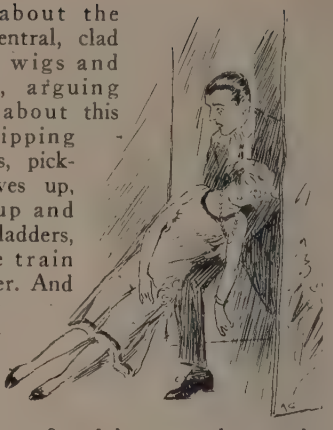
That rehearsal was a semi-dress rehearsal. It was called for ten o'clock, but the setting up of scenes, the adjustment of lights, the assembling of properties took till after two. The scene presented might have come right out of "Alice in Wonderland" or some wild, disorganized dream, with time and perspective set at naught.

The stage seemed all step-ladders, tall, thin, steep ones, with men running up and down them like agile monkeys. This impression was the more complete as the lingo of the average stage-hand is as foreign to our ears as any gibberish of the jungle. "Wow—ballyhoo—polar bear!" Their speech is marked by a nonsensical quaintness rather than by the proverbial profanity.

Regardless of all this din about him, the leading man was sitting on a divan, making passionate love to thin air. "Paddy, I have given you so much—asked so little in return." The Italian was walking up and down at the back, fiery and eloquent. "I drink som-a de time; I no steal-a de mon!" The doctor was entering through a half-adjusted door at the back, taking off his glasses, shaking his head seriously, saying a few words; then he would go out and begin all over again. The star, in gold shoes, which she was breaking in, but otherwise in dark street clothes, was trying out the hurdy-gurdy, which was being wheeled about on a tea-wagon. The star's manager-husband was out front, pronouncing on costumes, wigs, make-up as the different members of the cast paraded slowly in front of the footlights. Baby spotlights were being tested for effects. There was a tendency to shout orders back and forth in blatant tones to drown out the din of the hammers. Messengers were streaming in and out from the manager's office with last instructions about baggage and trains. The back-stage musicians began to tune up.

At two o'clock the actual work of the rehearsal began. At seven we were turned out of the Henry Miller, as there was a show there that night, and adjourned—heaven only knows where; I can't remember.

"Ten o'clock to-morrow, track 28, Rochester train!" So our stage manager shouted hoarsely at us as we parted. I staggered home to a night of chaotic sleep and grotesque dreams in which we were all running about the Grand Central, clad simply in wigs and gold shoes, arguing senselessly about this or that, tripping over things, picking ourselves up, running up and down step-ladders, missing one train after another. And through it all a hurdy-gurdy resounded, persisted. With a start I awoke.



One of the men caught me at the moment of his entrance cue

Broad daylight! The hurdy-gurdy was a real one, under my window. *"Allons, enfants de la patrie!"* I leaped out of bed. The second chapter of my theatrical life was about to begin to the tune of the "Marseillaise." *"Marchons! Marchons!"* I had learned much in five weeks; I had much more still to learn. Well—I was ready.

I had ordered a taxi the night before; it didn't arrive. An inauspicious beginning to the trip! Getting more and more flustered, I ordered more and more cabs. These, too, failed to put in an appearance. "The Harvard-Yale game," so some taxi starter shouted at me over the phone, and I knew the worst. Rushing out onto the sidewalk with bag and baggage, I hailed a harmless passer-by in a Ford, wildly stated my predicament and bartered with him for a ride. Only fifteen minutes to do it in! We started off with a rattle. Outside the Grand Central we were stalled in the worst taxi jam I have ever witnessed, and I was forced to sit and watch the clock speed from nine-fifty-five to ten-forty. The train was to leave at ten. A sickening experience! Later, inside the station, jostling, pushing, panting, I caught sight of different members of the cast, here and there, likewise caught in that fearful maelstrom. "All trains are late," someone shouted to someone else above the din, and I went limp all over from sheer relief. A squad of policemen finally drew off a couple of hundred people into one of the waiting-rooms; the congestion was relieved and we rushed, with the force of air into a vacuum, to our tracks. Only just in time, at that! I was hurtled into my train, my bags piled after me by a couple of porters. Other people were being catapulted after me with their bags. A jolt, a whistle, a shout and we were off. These are the racking experiences that take their toll as we grow old.

The rest of that day was one of blessed peace and quiet enjoyment. We had our own car and seemed shut into a solitude of our own. The first exhaustion over, we talked and read and ate and smoked "Don Quixote," "Perfect Behavior" and "Mobie Dick"; those are some of the books I remember. I had had about a hundred clippings from my press bureau that morning. We were getting big advance publicity and were expectant and gay.

After we left Albany, we realized we were running into a blizzard, with the

(*Continued on page* 52)

Going up in the elevator were three girls of the Pony Ballet, wild-eyed, giggling and grotesque

Greta Nissen obviously enjoys the absence of the click of the movie camera in her Oriental pantomime, *Mlle. Bluebeard*

James Barton, the "Fun Maker," thinks it's wiser to put "all the news that's fit to print" on his head rather than into it

Photos by Vandamm

Remember her in the *Music Box?* Claire Luce, who took the place of Mistinguet in the *Casino de Paris*

Beth Beri—dancer to her finger-tips—graces the Globe boards with her long, Spanish strides

To vary being "seen and not heard," Peggy Fears has left the silent stage to sing sentimental songs for Summer society

ZIEGFELD'S "NO FOOLIN'" AT THE GLOBE THEATRE

Resplendent with exquisite scenes painted by Joseph Urban

Shakespeare for a Dime

That the Bard Did Not Write for the "Highbrow" Proven by Popularity of "Old Vic" Bills

By HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

I THINK that any true history and record of Shakespearian drama will bear me out in the contention that the Bard did not write his plays for the highbrow. It is doubtful if half the habitués of the old Globe Theatre could do more than write their names. "De Luxe" was a state unknown in the theatre for a couple of centuries to come—at least in England. Shakespeare wrote his plays neither "down" nor "up" to his audiences; he wrote them round them. He catered to Life, not to Class. An examination of a majority of his plays will reveal the amazing fact that each play contains a clever admixture of the entire range of all dramatic expression—a little of tense Drama, a vein of wit with always a generous dash of rich Comedy, a suggestion, if not an exemplification of pure Tragedy—with one of these qualities always stressed, which enables us to classify it. And though there be Gentlemen and Ladies a-plenty, Nobility and even Royalty, there is always a scene of Low Comedy, as though making a curtsy to the Pit.

It was undoubtedly true that Will Shakespeare had his eye on the box-office, *but*—oh, happy *but!*—his skillful fingers never left the pulse of the human heart, his keen philosophy never stumbled into the pit of vapors, his sure hand never limned a sawdust puppet and his sense of theatre and drama was never atrophied or devitalized by the nonsense of "art" productions. He wrote neither for the Ponderous Few nor for the "Peepul."

THEN why all this beetle-browed fuss whenever Shakespeare is mentioned? True, Shakespeare *is* a Classic, just like the Bible, the Corinthian column and the Cæsarian operation, simply because they have stood the test of time and cogitation and human endurance, and too, because there has never been anything else precisely to take their places. They are for all ages, all people, all mentalities—*all!*—which should include you and me. Unless we get dyspeptic over controversies—then there is no help for us. These people, too, who are always taking things with a grain of salt and looking back for Sodom and Gomorrah instead of forward toward the Land of Promise, are bound to suffer the fate of Lot's wife.

They don't do that way at the Old Vic. Year in and year out, Shakespeare is on five or six times a week, and they go sometimes twice a week to the same play.

I was out to prove something at Old Vic, so I got in line for the "late door" fivepenny seats. We had nearly an hour to wait in the "queue." We were all sorts and conditions but happily alike in that we liked our Shakespeare. Most of us were poor and pennies were precious—that's the point I want to stress—still we spent them on Shakespeare!

The man beside me wore a late-Victorian derby, but he had a Tudor light in his eyes, his cheeks were a bright red, and I fancied he resembled many another zealot who had sat in the old Globe pit and had seen Will Shakespeare himself "strut and fret upon the stage." There were many working girls in the queue, all interested, keen.

The theatre queue—a familiar spectacle outside all London playhouses. To relieve the tedium of the long wait, tea is served by uniformed attendants

I had plenty of time to look about. There was a pawnbroker's shop across the road. If nothing else, that would give me the cue to the neighborhood. Across the way from it is the Pear Tree grog shop; natural affinities. And the bread shop next door, making up the trinity of Borrow, Booze and Want! Near by is The Beehive, a small, cheap department store—the name reminiscent of Salt Lake City and prolific breeding; there were evidences of it on all sides: children playing in the streets and gutters, poorly clad. Ragged small boys were dragging a coat through the mud that anyone of them might have worn to better advantage. A mother slowly passes with a puling child in a go-cart, a very tired mother, going home from her day's work, I was sure. I wondered where the father was. Perhaps over there with those other roysterers in the Pear Tree? Perhaps he was an Unknown Soldier lying in some unmarked grave in France!

A gentleman fresh and redolent with gin from the Pear Tree had come into the line and begun regaling us with effervescent comments on his recollections of Shakespeare. It was amusing, but withal very sad. Laborers with plaster on their shoes and clothes scuff along wearily. A Bobbie lumbers by with his rubber poncho thrown over his shoulder, his chain and whistle swinging across his breast, strap under chin, lantern at belt; he is hailed by a girl carrying a bag and some even heavier load of sorrow. A belated postman hobbles along with his canvas mail-sack over his shoulder, each of them avoiding in his own way the scores of passing bicycles and homecoming drays. Above it all we hear the constant drone of the attendant 'round the corner calling, "Early doors this w'y!"

NOBODY seems to mind the rain that has stolen upon us, giving a Whistlerian sheen to the many fruit-stands and roasted chestnut ovens at the curb across the way. I overhear the gaunt young fellow ahead of us confiding to the young lady—a stranger to him like ourselves—that he is a playwright too (subconsciously including Shakespeare). A rich lady wants him to write her a play to act in, but her ideas are so sordid that he really couldn't think of it. From that he drifts into a compensatory philosophy of "all is for the ultimate good, isn't it?" The girl didn't understand a word of it all and just kept replying automatically "uh-huh."

There are exclamations of joyous relief. The doors are open! We begin to move forward, an interested boy of ten with a more interested father unconsciously shoving ahead of me. What does it matter—we are all going to Shakespeare. I had never thought it possible—this circus spirit of glorious expectancy!

We pour into a dark hole where, one by one, we put down our five pennies and get a metal check. Then we go up and up and up, round and round the brick-red walls. It is like climbing up the throat of a writhing monster. There is a stout lady in front barring the narrow way. We are not sorry. Suddenly we emerge among the very rafters! We are in Old Vic's "nigger heaven."

It is a dim amphitheatre up here, with no backs to the curving tiers of seats. For the next half-hour the assembling audience entrances us. We ask ourselves again and again, "What are they doing *here*—at Shakespeare?" We had curiously always

(*Continued on page* 56)

White Studio

SCOTT SISTERS

Clara and Jean add their spark of gossip to the entertaining *George White Scandals*

White Studio

FAIRBANKS TWINS

Madeline and Marion. Two nymphs whose blended captivation set the tongues of *George White's Scandals* wagging

Maurice Goldberg

DUNCAN SISTERS

Inseparable team of charm and delight—surely as sparkling as Black and White, *Topsy an' L'il Eva*

Ira L. Hill

IRVING TWINS

Embody the wistfulness and fascination of veritable Queens of the Woods

DEUEL SISTERS

Dorothy and Eleanor. An irresistible combination partly responsible for *The Great Temptations*

Vandamm

TOBIN SISTERS

Genevieve and Vivian. Each lends her distinct individuality to the theatre

White Studio

MURRAY SISTERS

Marjorie and Bonnie, contribute refreshingly and crisply to *The Cocoanuts*

"SISTERS"

Who share the footlights of the stage as well as the Fireside of the family

Bride of the Lamb

A Play in Three Acts

by

WILLIAM HURLBUT

THE present play is probably one of the most daring, in its acrid amalgam of religious and physiological motivations, that has come from the pen of Mr. Hurlbut, author of such significant dramas as "Lilies of the Field," "The Cup" and "Chivalry." It is a genre picture of American rural life caught in the ferment of a religious revivalism that tragically sears the simple souls of its protagonists. In the leading rôle of the suppressed, neurotic Ina Bowman, Alice Brady does the best work of her theatrical career. The play is produced by MacGowan, Jones and O'Neill in association with Robert Milton, Inc. The following condensation is published by courtesy of the producers and Boni and Liveright, publishers of the play in book form.

THE CAST

(As produced at the Henry Miller Theatre)

Roy Bowman	Edmund Elton
Ina Bowman	Alice Brady
Verna	Arline Blackburn
Mrs. Bascom	Mabel Montgomery
Margaret Avery	Lorna Elliott
Rev. Johnson	Gerald Cornell
Rev. Albaugh	Crane Wilbur
Minnie Herrick	Julia Ralph
The Coroner	Harold Hartsell
The Sheriff	William Balfour
The Doctor	Ralph Macbane

ALL three acts take place in the living-room in the Bowman's house in a small town in one of the Central States. Two bedrooms and kitchen open off this main room. The furnishings are ordinary, but there is evidence of great neatness and an effort to be "tasty." It is a Sunday noon in the Summer at the present time.

Ina Bowman, a trim, buxom little woman of thirty-three—her friends call her a practical little body—is timorously seeking to divert Roy, her husband, from his impending weekly inebriation. Roy is a dentist, a large, shapeless individual with a weak, surly face, who is well on the road to becoming a hopeless drunkard. His wife's adjurations have no effect and he presently retires to his room, to "take a little something for my stommick." Verna, the daughter—a spindling, anemic twelve-year-old girl with an adenoidal voice and almost total lack of animation—returns from Sunday-school, and her mother's attention is taken from her husband.

Mrs. Bowman has not been to church. One gathers the impression that her simple soul is torn by this ghastly social defection, necessitated by the effort to keep her husband's shame from the public gaze. Her resentment against her lot displays itself in a nervous irritableness not yet consciously focused against any particular circumstance or individual. Her daughter's mental dullness is another subconscious irritation, and the mother's efforts at companionship are rather pathetic. The arrival of Margaret Avery and Mrs. Bascom, two of her neighbors, to inquire after Mr. Bowman's health, temporarily relieves the strain.

MARGARET: Well, did you hear about Rev. Sanderson T. Albaugh's coming?

MRS. BASCOM: Who?

INA: No! Who?

MARGARET: Yes, he's coming this coming week. The evangelist! The tent evangelist! He's wonderful, they say!

MRS. BASCOM: Oh, yes, I know! My cousin wrote me from Pomeroy—he was there! Did a great spiritual work in the community.

INA: A evangelist?

MARGARET: There's been great talk about him! But as Rev. Johnson sez, if he saves souls then he's doing a good work.

MRS. BASCOM: My cousin wrote me they went forward in droves—droves!

MARGARET: Oh, he saves souls! Nobody can question that.

INA: Then he's a servant of the Lord.

MARGARET: Oh, yes. He was there at church this morning, with Rev. Johnson's family, in their pew.

INA: My, I wisht I'd gone this morning!

They indulge in some further talk regarding the plans for the distinguished visitor's reception and the two women leave. Not many minutes later the Rev. Johnson and the Rev. Sanderson T. Albaugh himself make their appearance. Rev. Johnson is a slight man with a red but thin, scraggy kind of face—a naturally irritable, unhappy disposition. The contrast of the lithe, muscular man beside him is marked. Rev. Albaugh is a vigorous, genial, magnetic man, handsome of face in so much as these qualities make for good looks and surcharged with a dynamic vitality. His speech comes in a ready, easy flow of words, gratingly suave.

ALBAUGH: Glad to meet you, Sister Bowman—mighty glad indeed! It is a pleasure indeed to step into a little home like this, nestling here in this little city, where motherhood and love of Jesus shine in the very way your windows are washed! Yes, sir—I can tell a Christian home by the washing on the line! Ha-a-a-a! (*He laughs his ready, unctuous laugh.*) You won't find me a regular parson, Sister Bowman. (*Slaps Johnson on the back by way of apology.*) With all due respect to our brother here—no, I'm one of God's freaks—I'm God's side-show. I'm a go-getter for the Lord! Ain't that right, Brother Johnson? (*Brother Johnson grins confirmation.*) I'm out to put Jesus Christ on the map. And I'm going to do it right here in Spring Valley! Yes, sir, beginning to-morrow night, next week is going to be God's week—Amen!

JOHNSON (*chiming in a little late*): Amen!

ALBAUGH: No, I ain't a regular parson—but somehow I think the Lord has forgive me for dragging in souls by their heels and the seat o' their pants. 'Cause that's the way I get 'em. Soon's He counted up, Brother Albaugh, He said, it's all right—pardon me—my mistake. You go right on and gather 'em in, He says. One hundred seventy-three saved last week to Osgohoola. Two hundred and five week before that. That's the record! It's results counts. And I get 'em. Beautiful little place you got here, Sister—a God-fearing Christian home.

INA (*has stood almost dismayed, but fascinated during the flow of Albaugh's speech*): Oh—er—well we—Rev. Johnson knows I try to do my best——

JOHNSON: I'll tell you why we called specially this afternoon, Sister Bowman. We——

ALBAUGH: Yes, he'll tell you why we called. I don't mean to intrude my humble self, a stranger in your midst, like this—except on business, God's business—Amen.

JOHNSON: Yes, we—— (*Bethinking himself.*) Amen! We came to see Doctor Bowman about his lot—the lot he owns over in back of the coal sheds. Brother Albaugh would like to pitch his tent there——

ALBAUGH: I hold my meetings in a tent, Sister—I'm a tent evangel. All I ask is the lot of bare ground to pitch God's tent on.

INA: Why, I'm sure——

The door opens and Roy enters. Ina gives a little gasp of apprehension, but her husband while obviously under the influence of liquor is still in control of his faculties.

ROY: Good afternoon, Rev. Johnson. I was lying down for a little Sunday-afternoon snooze. I got a kind of bad stommick, and I heard your conversation. Rev. Albaugh, I'm glad to make your acquaintance, sir!

ALBAUGH: Brother Bowman? Ah, Brother Bowman, I am glad indeed to shake your hand, glad indeed!

Florence Vandamm Studio

ACT II: "BRIDE OF THE LAMB"

Ina Bowman (Alice Brady), frenzied by the fusion of religious veneration and physical attraction for Reverend Albaugh, the visiting tent Evangelist (Crane Wilbur), beseeches him to take her with him—that they will work for the Lord together

ROY: You're welcome to the lot. Take it and welcome. All I ask is don't drive in over the board sidewalk—drive in the other way where there's a gap in the sidewalk—kind o' breaks it down.

ALBAUGH: Your wishes shall be respected. And I thank you for the Lord, Brother Bowman.

ROY: Don't mention it. The favor is mine. I am the gainer. The lot is yours—take it—use it. It's yours for the week and no rental charge.

Their mission concluded, the two visitors make ready to leave when the question of housing Rev. Albaugh comes up. Ina hospitably suggests that he stay with them, if he doesn't mind their small quarters. Roy seconds the suggestion and he and Rev. Johnson set off to the hotel for the guest's bags, leaving Ina and Rev. Albaugh together.

INA: It's just a plain room, I'm afraid.

ALBAUGH: Don't apologize. After the traveling I've done and sleeping in hotel beds! Up all last night to make the trip up here to be ready to start the Lord's work prompt! Yes, Sister Bowman, I live a homeless life. Yet I am happy in it—happy! To labor in the vineyard—what more can any poor, sinful man ask? Where the laborers are few! But the spiritual rewards are rich. When I see the repentant souls come forward to give themselves to Christ, then I cry God—Amen!

INA: Amen!

Throughout, since Albaugh's entrance, Ina sat as if transfixed, her eyes on Albaugh like a dog's on its master. During this last speech her hands have clasped, her eyes have stung with tears, her gaze has adoration in it. Albaugh continues. She is a good audience. He begins this time in a lower, confidentially emotional key; he is unconsciously histrionic.

ALBAUGH: Sister, if I should tell you the sorrowing, sinful hearts that are brought to me in my work! (*Louder, stronger.*) If I should tell you of the glory when those repentant sinners come to their Saviour! (*His voice vibrant with masculine ecstasy.*) Oh, the blood shed for us—the blood of the Lamb—the blood that can wash the blackest sinner white! God is merciful—Jesus can save! (*Ina is quivering with responsive emotion, all but sobbing.*) There's times without number when I have plead for seven hours with sinners—plead without food or rest—seven hours on end I have exhorted souls to give them grace. And at the last when the very blackest sinner steeped in defilement—when his heart has melted and been washed in the blood! When I have been able to look up to my Master in Heaven and say, Father, here they are—take them to Thy breast. Then—and only then—have I dropped where I stood—dropped in my tracks—right there in the pulpit. But, oh, what joy to give your strength to God's service! But these are things that a worker in the vineyard must expect——

INA: Oh, if—if I could only do something—to help you——!

ALBAUGH: Give me your prayers, Sister.

INA: I'll pray night and day for you—I'll never stop praying for you, Rev. Albaugh! You—you're—you're (*hushed—reverent*) you're like Christ!

ALBAUGH: Oh, no—no. You exaggerate. I'm only a poor, humble sinner like all of us. (*Glances down at his shoes.*) Look at those shoes—how far I've tramped in them. I'm embarrassed coming into your tidy house with such dirty shoes.

Ina says she will clean them, but the Rev. Albaugh protests. He goes to lie down for a nap. Ina remains with her eyes fastened on the door through which he has gone. She is enthralled, entranced. Her emotions have swept her into a state of accelerated being. In a moment Albaugh's door opens a little way and he puts the shoes out.

ALBAUGH: I'm ashamed of the looks o' these shoes——!

Ina's breath catches until he has closed his door again. Then she crosses to the shoes to take them up. As she reaches them she drops to her knees and, bending over, presses her lips to the shoes.

* * * * * * *

THE following Saturday evening, for the first time in her life, Ina is late with supper, much to the annoyance of her husband and Verna. Roy is nonplussed at his wife's failure

White

Act I: Ina (*Alice Brady*) shows Christian humility and veneration for her evangelist lodger by blacking his boots while he naps

to put in an appearance at her usual time and is about to send Verna for something at the store when he finds that his money in his coat pockets is missing. Verna volunteers to take some out of her bank, but finds that also has been taken.

Roy retires to his room and Ina comes in. She is apparently laboring under a nervous excitement and surreptitiously takes out a shining new gold watch and chain from its box. She gazes at it with a glow of joy, lost in the dream it evokes in her mind. She breathes on it, polishes it and looks toward Albaugh's room. The latter is taking his afternoon nap. Presently she knocks at his door with a tray of victuals she has prepared for him, and the Rev. Albaugh graciously accepts the bounty and again retires.

Mrs. Bascom and Margaret Avery enter. They inquire as to Rev. Albaugh's health and comment at length upon the man's great physical strength, which permits him to carry on such a strenuous campaign as is just ending.

Roy intrudes his presence and rather forcibly voices his dissent with the goings on at the tent meetings.

MARGARET: Three hundred and fifty souls saved for Christ since last Monday night and the great harvest to come this evening—is that going too far, I'd just like to know!

ROY: Well—that's all right—but just the same things goes too far. Vernie's nerves are all upset. First thing you know, all this will bring back her St. Vitus dance again like she was troubled with two Summers ago.

INA (*suddenly whips out at him with a low-voiced, virulent unction of rage*): You're a low, ignorant, drunken sot, Roy Bowman, to say such things. (*The two women gasp at this.*)

ROY (*keeping an even temper, but keeping it stubbornly*): I maintain what I say—things goes too far. You don't call it going too far when our respectable citizens—men and women—rise up and scream and jump and froth at the mouth and have paroxysms? I do. I call it going too far. And then fall down right in the aisle and lay there stiff like corpses? I call it going too far.

INA (*her face is livid—her eyes pin-points of fury*): I don't want to listen to one more word of your blasphemy!

Roy retires from the uneven battle and the shocked neighbors offer Mrs. Bowman their sympathy. It has been a terrible revelation to them—Mrs. Bowman should get a divorce. The idea of living with a drunkard! Ina wildly gives way to her long pent-up feelings. She hates her husband—wishes the Lord would strike him down—"the soft, greasy, pudgy, nasty old thing!" Her wrath subsides in a sudden jealous calm, however, when she learns that they are taking up a collection to buy Rev. Albaugh a watch as a testimonial gift. Ina is sorry, but she cannot give any money toward the gift.

The women leave and Rev. Albaugh at length comes out of his room. Ina triumphantly presents him with the watch she had bought.

INA: T'aint much—just to remember by (*with a low, terrible intensity*). You will remember, won't you, Rev. Albaugh——?

For reply he closes his hand against her upper arm in a caress. At the touch she stiffens convulsively and gives a sobbing intake of breath through clenched jaws, starting back a step away from him.

ALBAUGH: There—there! It's all right. I know. . . . Be careful.

INA (*with closed eyes, arms stiff at her sides*): You won't forget—being here and me——?

ALBAUGH: Never——! You're a noble little woman. I'll—I'll pray for you always.

INA: Yes—I want your prayers. Give your prayers to me—fill me with your prayers—fill me—I'm weak. I need your strong prayers—I need the fountain of your prayers.

Rev. Albaugh leaves for the evening meeting. The curtain falls to indicate the passing of a few hours and then rises again. Ina comes in from the street. Her face is ravaged, her hair straying, her eyes overbright. She is still in the grip of the ecstatic frenzy of the past two hours. She walks feverishly about the room, coming up against the wall as though she did not realize she was walking into it. . . . After a moment she grows quiet; her mind moves a step toward normalness. Her look goes to the bedroom door. She crosses and looks in and the vituperative hatred comes into her voice.

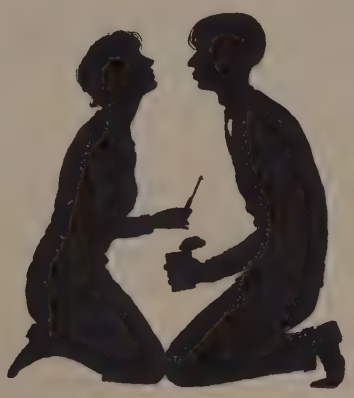
INA: Lie there—lie there—drunken sot. Lie there—stink there—sot—drunken sot. Soft old flabby sot—lie there!

(*Continued on page* 50)

Eleanor Shaler, in thumps
and bumps,
Pursues the butterfly,
whose elusive jumps
From the wire attached to
her sinewy hair
Shift her wild search from
that for air.

The proprietor of Rosa
Raisa Hotel,
Who cordially speeds all
his guests to ——.

Spirited dancer
whose cool potence
Refreshes the Sum-
mer's audience,
But leaves herself
like a wilted tree
With the only relief
of "Holy gee!"



This is the only scenery
In a mountain greenery.
Bobbie Perkins—Sterling
Holloway
Can—and *opener* crown
the day.

The sanctimonious un-
dertaker, Philip Loeb
—by heck!
Buries Guild's past
plays with solemn
disrespeck.

Tennis—it is—but not a love game,
Square Romney Brent with Helen Wills' frame,
Swats Suzanne (*Phil Loeb*), who is moved to tears;
Refereed by Bill Tilden (a lady who swears).

Shhh! Some terrible
scandal Queen Lizzie
revives
Three hundred years old,
Edith Meiser confides.

GARRICK GAIETIES IN JAZZTIME

Syncopated by members of the Theatre Guild studio

(Sketches by Walter Kumme)

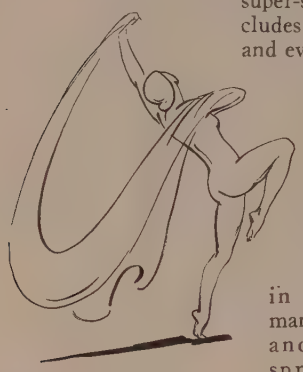
Dance On!

The Universal Urge Finds Its Highest Expression in the Freedom of American Soil

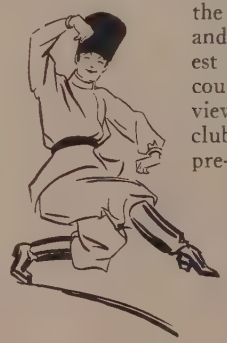
By LUCILE MARSH

Sketches by Bernice Oehler

NO, it isn't the Charleston nor any one of its one hundred and fifty-seven varieties. It is a super-dance in much the same way that the League of Nations would be a super-state. It includes all there is and ever has been in the dance in a new expression of the art that is at once all things to all men.



Its seeds were planted in New York many years ago and have been sprouting in a most favorable manner ever since. This season the foliage was particularly luxuriant and finally blossomed forth into a gorgeous international flower of the Dance—Gavrilov's Ballet. Such a specimen could never have been nurtured in France, it would have been too Parisian; nor even in Russia, it would have been choked by ballet tradition. New York is its natural soil, for it is in New York that the dances of all ages, all nations and of all classes have been meeting and exchanging courtesies and partners. New York is not only the melting-pot of the dance, it is its market-place, its museum, its laboratory and its theatre. Nowhere else in the world to-day can we find such quantity, quality and variety of Dance Art.

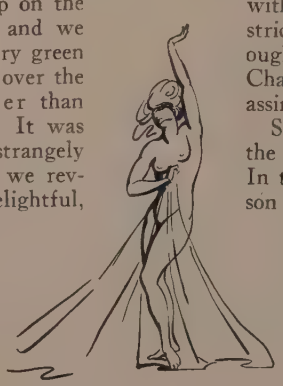


If you are partial to ancient ritual dancing, you have only to go to the Neighborhood Playhouse to be served well and authentically. Perhaps you like ballet. Very well, then, ballet there is, reformed or otherwise, as you please, for we now have Mordkin, Fokine and Robenne. For the lovers of Oriental dancing there are Itow and Roshanara, while several lovely Duncans are always ready with the Hellenic ideal of the dance. If you enjoy jazz, especially the essence of jazz, even the Metropolitan will now contribute to your pleasure. But if you are specially fond of them all, separately and combined, mixed up and re-created, then what you want is the New Dance, which Mr. Gavrilov, for want of a better name, has dubbed the "Ballet Moderne."

IN this first Ballet Moderne we had the quintessence of New York's most brilliant dance season, and that is a quintessence of which to be proud, for never before have New Yorkers seen such dancing, by such dancers, both old and new. Maud Allen, second only to Isadora in the Natural Dance, came back to America this season after an absence of many years, as did also the sculpturesque Paul Swan. Loïe Fuller allowed her dancers to depart from beloved Paris, in order to show America the art of dancing drapery. The Marmeins gave several programs of their original drama-dances. Marie Theresa, lovelier than ever, appeared frequently at Carnegie Hall. Then there were the new personalities bringing youth, beauty and originality to the dance. Delicately delightful Grace Christie was one; interesting and unusual Dorsha was another; unique Agna Enters, with her fascinating dancing daguerreotypes was a third, and there were many others.

Nor was this great dancing celebration limited to the concert platform. Motion-picture theatres have for some time been incorporating the dance in their programs, but this season they claimed such artists as Botsova, Gambarelli, Desha and Doris Niles. Vaudeville responded to the competition, not with other attractions, but with more and better dancing, and we found Albertine Rasch, Fokina, Margaret Severn and Michio Itow on their bills. Even the legitimate drama caught the fever and introduced the dance at the slightest provocation in dramatic plot. Of course, the musical comedies and reviews outdid themselves, and the night clubs, multiplying like mosquitoes in pre-Goethals Panama, quite unconsciously made the modern American folk dances into *de luxe* editions, in very much the same way that the courts of Europe, at one time, developed their national dances from the steps of the peasantry.

Then came Gavrilov's Ballet, a fitting period, interrogation mark or exclamation point, whichever you want to consider it. It surprised us, it raised the question and gave the answer as to just what had been happening to the Dance. For two whole short weeks, in the tiny Princess Theatre, we saw it happen every night and twice on Thursdays and Saturdays. The curtain went up on the Park of *Petit Trianon,* and we knew immediately the silvery green and elusive figure climbing over the great wall was none other than "Pierrot of the Minute." It was all so familiar and yet so strangely different. In this number we reveled in ballet dancing, delightful, unreal, three dimensional, old-fashioned ballet dancing, but with an American ballerina opposite the cosmic Gavrilov. That was the first hint of the new dance amalgam.



The second number was the Toy Box, and it was full of smiles, frogs and gentle satire. Here we had all sorts of characters, steps and techniques, all used in the interest of fun. We realized that the dance was no longer limited to the ideal and the æsthetic, but could be used with equal power as a medium of the grotesque, the humorous and the caricature. Following this, we went to Arcadia and found nymphs, Greek youths, satyrs and again Gavrilov, but now he was a most roguish and lovable faun with only a leaf for a heart, but it was a very beautiful leaf. Then came a rhythmic cross-section of typical American amusement, a sort of miniature circus with clowns, acrobats, ponies, boxing, football and many thrills. It was all done *à l'Américaine* nonchalantly and with syncopation, but it showed that athletics, acrobatics and plain out-and-out thrills could all be put into dance form. There was a Greek temple, too, with its pediment full of living gods, and on its steps the vestal virgins. There are still virile men with noble feelings and still beautiful women with lofty ideals, and so it is that the Greek Dance lives naturally in us to-day.

A STRIKINGLY beautiful interlude of longing souls gave us an inspired interpretation of the Russian psychology and ushered in the Pancake Holiday and Russia, herself, at the height of her colorful gaiety. But the most significant of all was the American bar in Paris, where American *pep* and French *panache* were made into a new and delightful cocktail under our very noses. Of course, the Charleston was there, but a mere and very much bleached ghost of its former self. It was on tiptoe and the characteristic random movement of primitive hilarity had become a dainty inward rotation of the leg, accompanied only by a systematic hop. To be sure, it was done with some abandon, but it was a strictly Caucasian variety and thoroughly evoluted. In other words, the Charleston has become but another assimilated folk-dance.

So in one performance the spirit of the whole season was focused anew. In the one evening as in the one season the dances of different ages, peoples and classes passed, one after another, before our bewildered eyes. The Dance stood, revealed. It was no longer a limited and artificial technique; it was an infinitely flexible human

(*Continued on page* 55)

"SPRING FLOWER"
Interpretive
Madeleine Parker, graduated student of Fokine, dancer at the Club Mirador

Nickolas Muray

"THE RED LILY"
The Cancan
Georgie Ingram and Wayne Kohne in Toy-Box from *Gavrilov's Ballet*

Nicholas Haz

"LOTUS BUD"
The Ballet
Helene Denizon, of the Fokine Ballet, youngest prima ballerina of the American stage, at present première danseuse with the Publix Theatres

Goldberg

"ORANGE BLOSSOM"
Javanese
Dorsha, who has given several recitals in New York, maintains a school of dance in this city. This piquant danseuse was in the cast of *Casanova*

Nicholas Haz

"NARCISSUS"
Narrative
It is the legend of the youth who, seeing his own image, becomes enamored of it and turns into the flower of that name, Narcissus—told by Margaret Severn

Arthur Muray

DANCE OF THE FLOWERS

All born of the same seed—rhythm, movement and grace

Is Anything Wrong With Our Theatre?

"Theatre Magazine" Readers Give Their Frank Opinions of the Present-Day Stage

ONLY THE PUBLIC CAN CLEANSE THE THEATRE

BY WILLIAM McADOO

Chief City Magistrate

WE shall get no further with this cleansing of the theatres, if they do not cleanse themselves, until there is an aroused, intelligent public opinion which will be begotten by a solid and effective union of all forces that make for public decency, not to speak of morals.

For quite a number of years the police submitted practically all of the complaints against plays and theatres to me officially. I did the best I could in most cases to deodorize, sterilize, fumigate, sandpaper, revise and to delete the outstanding features of adultery, miscegenation, profanity, lechery and the glorification of prostitution, but in the final test case the machinery and personnel of the law broke completely down. It was especially demonstrated that the License Commissioner, after he once grants a license, has no power over the same until it is up again for renewal; by that time the offensively indecent or immoral play or exhibition which begot the complaint has been forgotten.

ART THEATRE BRINGS HOPE AND SOLACE

BY LILLIAN D. WALD

Head of the Henry Street Settlement

I AM more interested in the emergence of a new emphasis upon certain constructive policies in the theatre than in any personal reaction to the plays which happen to be offered to "intelligent theatregoers" during the season.

There seem to be increasing questionings among people who believe in the artistic and cultural medium of the drama as to whether it is possible to make a contribution of real worth unless full account is taken of essential elements in this medium. It is obvious that where the master purposes are art, education, taste, the achievement should be dependent in slight measure only upon the door receipts, and the public seems more ready this year than ever before to contribute money to the theatre, so that society may be enriched by the development of art, education and taste.

In France, Germany and Russia the drama, music and ballet have long been recognized as important to cultural life, and the precedent in those countries has been followed in America by characteristically generous subsidy from individuals to orchestras and choirs. The emphasis at present is laid on the values of sincere creative interpretation in production, on balanced co-ordinated departments back of the stage and on the importance of audiences trained to criticize intelligently.

I may be pardoned for seeing the best exemplification of these qualities in the Neighborhood Playhouse, which has grown out of the soil of freedom from traditional theatre business, with reverence for the pure in art and with a philosophy that is socially basic. There the actual working processes are defined as a "co-ordinated group, functioning through the various departments of the theatre toward a central idea or purpose; the cultivation of a standard (1) in acting, (2) in production, (3) in stimulating playwrights toward wider and freer fields, (4) in establishing a critical audience interested in the processes and unfoldment of new tendencies in the theatre, (5) in bringing into closer relationship the art of the dramatist, decorator, actor, poet and musician, (6) in directing its vision towards significant form and the synchronization of such form for dynamic expression in the theatre."

The emergence of this emphasis in many groups indicates a tendency that may bring hope and solace to the theatregoer who feels the great social potentialities in the drama dependent for realization upon the vision and creative zeal of those empowered to serve.

Never before in the history of the American theatre has so much criticism been directed against the stage. Some declare it too sordidly commercial, others that it is too nebulously futuristic, others that it is too lascivious, etc.

In this Symposium we have invited the opinions of people—not actors—whose reactions to the theatre as intelligent playgoers should be of special interest to our readers.

If you have any particular views on the subject, constructive or destructive, we shall be glad to print them, in a monograph not exceeding 500 words.

We are throwing this page open to the readers of THEATRE MAGAZINE. Your contributions are free to laud or condemn. Let them be unrestrained.

"THEATRE MAGAZINE" A GUIDE

BY CHARLES S. CHADWICK

I AM a regular subscriber to your excellent magazine and my family and I particularly appreciate your reviews of the current dramatic fare. We consider them a guide, especially when we wish to see a good and interesting performance and also when we desire to be certain that a specified play is fit for our children to witness. I am sure you appreciate the doubts as to the character of most of the productions offered which must arise in the minds of parents constantly.

Since your editorials are quite timely and pertinent, I wish you might include in them a word as to the miserable failure on the part of a number of even our best-known players to articulate, so that when one is comparatively near the stage he frequently loses not less than 50 per cent. of the dialogue. A few weeks ago I attended a performance of *Sunny* and I am certain it is no exaggeration to say that I lost at least one-half of the spoken words. Miss Miller herself was no exception to this criticism. Mr. Donahue came the nearest to giving his lines the proper articulation.

When I hear such artists as Otis Skinner, Mr. Hampden, Mr. Sothern and Miss Crosman, I am impelled to believe that the old theatrical training must have been far superior to that of to-day, when the chief aim seems to be a sordid realism.

THERE ARE FLAPPERS—AND FLAPPERS

BY PEGGY BURNHAM

THE "Fastidious Flappers of America" have thrown upon me the tremendous burden of spokesman. We flappers don't mind tittering when our tatter isn't recorded—BUT!!!

With only limited spending-money, we naturally consult the first-nighter's criticisms before we leap. If we're guests—we choose one of those plays we wanted to see and would have had to pay for. The plays based on lasciviousness, lewdness and filth, those called "weak," the others described as "not much," are immediately discarded—and so my opinion of what is wrong with the theatre must be shifted to the theatre as an institution.

First, if I were the Chief of Correction, I should employ nose-and-throat specialists as ticket-takers, fortifying them with sample boxes of lozenges, to be prescribed when necessary. I would change the word "intermission" to "coughing period"—and fine anyone who violates the restriction during the acts. Place kick-pads behind each seat. Instal automatic mufflers that would cover the mouth instantaneously with the vibrations of the voice reaching the seat. Confine lunch-boxes to food that would not require wrappings, like hot dawgs and small steaks. Equip every theatre with perfume exhausts.

As "Fastidious Flappers" we protest against serving nudity on platters to some few morons in an audience who haven't taste or mind to know that they are victims of licentious teasing.

Instead of salaciousness we want humor—wholesomeness, cleverness!

With lyre and song, Orpheus (*Richard Hale*) seeks supplication from the spectres, who are slow to be softened from their hard "No." As his strains grow more and more impassioned, the spirit of the spectres takes on a more harmonious movement

Photos by Maurice Goldberg

Eurydice (*Lugarda Harling*) observes with surprise the averted looks of her husband, Orpheus, who, having recalled her from Elysium, suddenly turns cold to her

TWO DRAMATIC MOMENTS IN "ORPHEUS" AT THE PROVINCETOWN THEATRE

Gluck's tragic opera in three acts produced with simplicity, truth and naturalness

By L'Homme Qui Sait

WHAT is so rare as a play in June? Those weary days of rewriting and recasting and rehearsing. Then the SHUBERTS and the DILLINGHAMS and the FRAZEES and the MANDELLS try out new scripts for the Reubens taste of the theatre taxpayer to see if, indeed, they be in tune. Temporary gentlemen farmers throw off their bridge clothes and go forth to pass advance judgment on the prodigal fresh-air babies and speculate on their vitality and chances to withstand the "sexophoney" life of a great and wicked city. The fresh-air farms of Broadway are taking care of the following babies: *Two Worlds* will be a seashore child nursed in the Apollo incubator at Atlantic City. *On Board* is diagnosed as in need of the altitudes of Stamford. *Cowboy Crazy, The Man Who Forgot,* nurseries unknown. *Arline Adair,* a RICHMAN child, will be baptized among its own at Asbury Park. *Nize Baby,* MILT GROSS' epicure dumb-waiter prodigy, will be brought up on farina at Atlantic City.

WATSON, quick! I have been forced to call on my friend, that delightful naturalist, MR. HORNADAY, in charge of the Zoo on the other side of Broadway, to help me identify the strange bird which has been heard outside the box-office windows in Managers' Row. It is the swan—Watson. Even those plays which have enjoyed the hot-house protection of that philanthropic collector, M. LEBLANG, have expired from the two spinal punctures which have been giving them vitality through the Winter months. They are gone—yet when shall we meet again? *Importance of Being Earnest, The Bells, Young Woodley, The Romantic Young Lady, Square Crooks, The Jazz Singer, The Greenwich Village Follies.*

AL WOODS' fakir did not come to life the other day. They buried him alive in the same old sand pit, only this time it was Al who called the length of time he wished the fakir to lie there in suspended animation. "Forever, sweetheart, forever, or at least as long as the Thalia Theatre on the Bowery lasted. It's all SELWYN'S fault, the highbrow. I said to him, 'Sweetheart, why do you need Indians or Hindus—you've got CHANNING POLLOCK, and for me personally, do I need a fellow to show me what it is to stick needles in the flesh? What do you suppose SAM HOFFENSTEIN does for me?'" At any rate, the fakir is out of the woods—vaudeville has got him, and in truth there is where he belongs—among the Houdini-ites.

I KNOW the ladies and gentlemen who attend the christening ceremonies of a new play on Broadway. There is the inevitable fellow in immaculate dinner clothes whose head-waiter manner betrays him. And that patron of the arts who never forgets to name a sandwich after his favorite playwright or star. Then the kindly old couple who indulge themselves in the dubious boast that they haven't missed a first-night in forty years. They'll be punished for it somewhere, I know. The night-club hostess, who urges a big hand for SHAW or SHIPMAN, and FANNIE WARD, who plays the part of flaming youth at sixty, but who for the love of Abe Kabbible answers the call of the ad that announces the last moments of a play. Who are the last-nighters? Some I know. Others I can only guess at—the treasurer of the hit next door, the press-agent of the play, the petticoat backer, the house manager of the theatre across the street, the stenographer that typed the play, the fellow that took the pictures of the scenes in the show, the Cheese Club, the reviewer of an out-of-town foreign paper with an English (?) column, Kane's store-house representative, the cop on the beat. I'm through, now you guess.

IN transit Broadway: WALTER HAMPDEN gets a degree from a university—JANET BEECHER loses fight for a court degree—AL JOLSON will box at the Polo Grounds for the benefit of the United Jewish campaign—BENNY LEONARD will "act" for MR. ALBEE—GEORGE WHITE gets up a fifty-dollar-per-seat sucker list and the crustaceans bite—a magistrate thinks no lady ought to be on Broadway after 3 A. M.—Salvation Army lassies protest—LESTER ALLEN is back from England—ARTHUR HORNBLOW, JR., and MAURICE REVNES more than make up for England's loss, American exchange—EARL CARROLL thinks our native jurisprudence unfair—IAN KEITH owes BLANCHE YURKA alimony—GLORIA SWANSON rides with princes—WHITEMAN plays for kings—HARRY PILCER thinks Broadway more interesting than the boulevards of Paris—IRVING BERLIN decides to stay "over there" in the shadow of the Eiffel Tower a little longer—GERSHWIN receives an offer of several thousand dollars for the use of his name, which he turns down cold—an actress raises the roof because her name has been left off the tryout billing—GILBERT GABRIEL goes to Maine to write a novel or a play—FRANK VREELAND has an idea for a new movie scenario to pay his expenses to Europe—WALTER WINCHELL is tired of having his "bread-and-butter" gags flinched from him without credit—an evening newspaper columnist takes a wise crack and lets the credit go. SELAH!

THESE are excellent times for the youthful WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. What with the long run his plays have enjoyed all last season, there comes now the authentic report from the Coast that JOHN BARRYMORE has been offered ten thousand dollars a week to play the sad, sad Dane. Barrymore has refused, even though the manager assured him that he needn't smoke Lucky Strike or wear Mark Schaffner & Hart tunics nor is he obligated to have any sets or props save a drop representing a scene in the *Sea Beast,* and as a final inducement the name of the author will be kept a strict secret, thus following out the rules established by WALTER HAMPDEN and John's talented sister. What more can an Equity member desire?

FROM Atlantic City comes a report that ZIEGFELD, a bit jealous of these modern Hamlets, will do his own classic glorifying of the American Girl in dress clothes. Not an ankle shall be shown nor a lovely bare back. Ziegfeld in dress clothes. Why not? Shakespeare went over big. The book, music and lyrics better be good.

WHAT the early nineties are to the Mauve Decade the present-day reviews will be to American art. This period in our Thespian life will be called by erudite critics perhaps "the early nudities." There was a time when a pretty-shaped leg was an asset to a charming feminine owner and merely a by-product of a musical show or review. Now a pretty extremity is but a promise that is yet to be fulfilled. A girl whose only and chief stocking to trade with is a lovely limb is as out of place among those eminent artists of the nude Ziegfeld, Shubert, Carroll *et al.* as a cheese dinner on a corpulent lady's diet menu. Only the fear of vicious and profitless censorship kept the revue producer from mistaking his audience for a group of struggling artists studying the nude and nothing but the nude. Between the dragon censor and the theatre stands a play jury which has become quite suddenly extremely active. *Great Temptations* became less tempting under their supervision. *Sex* escaped unharmed; only *Bunk* rebelled and paled itself into oblivion. *Bunk* may bring on the censor. It always has.

NOW it can be known. There is a popular actor in this town. A subject of His Majesty, the King, with a definite idea of his ability to attract custom to the caged window and all the other weaknesses which come with his name on a STRAUSS sign, that announces to him who drinks a Nedick and runs, that So and So is in town and showing his line at this or that theatre. This great Thespian circled about a room in Atlantic City at the time of a tryout and tried to impress upon his impresario his importance. "Take notice," he cried, "take notice who I am." The more he spoke, the more dramatic was his inflection on the "take notice." He went on and on with his scene in the best Lambs' Club style. What a tragedian was this comedian! A weary manager yawned, "I never take notice, sire, I give it."

"BARDELYS THE MAGNIFICENT"

John Gilbert, posing under the assumed name of Lesperon, entreats Roxalanne de Lavedan (Eleanor Boardman)—who has undeniably fallen in love with him—to believe him, that he is not already betrothed to another. An aspiring suitor warns Roxalanne that Lesperon is about to marry Mme. Mersac. Roxalanne does not know that Bardelys affected the name of Lesperon, that he might not be discovered and recalled by the King, who had sent Chatellerault to woo the beautiful Roxalanne de Lavedan—in order that he might keep the De Lavedan fortune within the kingdom and win the girl's father to his political views. This is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production, based on Rafael Sabatini's novel and directed by King Vidor, about to be released.

Mr. Lasky has chosen Esther Ralston, the fascinating blonde beauty, as the ideal type for the leading part in *Glorifying the American Girl*, a Paramount production. Her rôle is that of a simple, small-town girl who comes to New York to seek fame and fortune. This production will be personally supervised by Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld

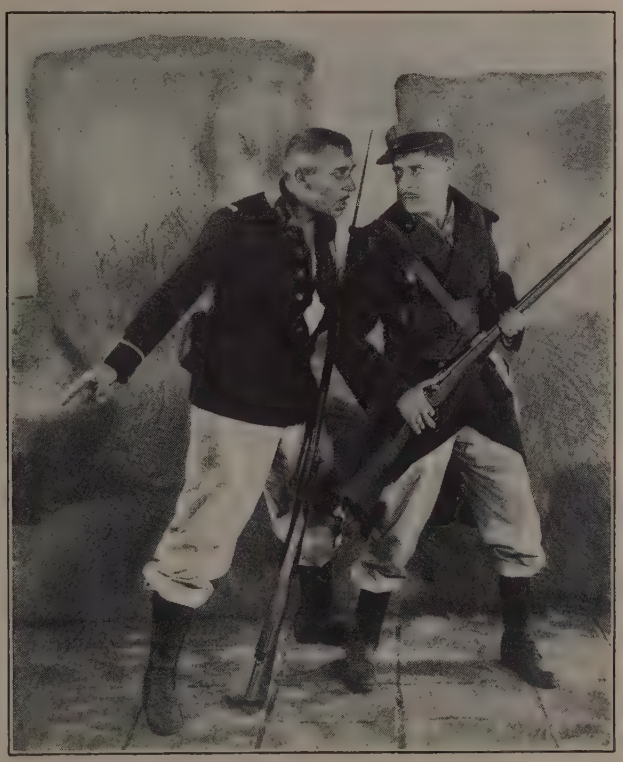
This compellingly charming young actress, Lois Wilson, will be seen as the wife in *The Show-Off*, a Paramount production. She will play opposite Ford Sterling, who will be *The Show-Off*—the rôle portrayed by Gregory Kelly on the stage. Following this, Miss Wilson will play the leading rôle in the production *New York*

SCREEN BEAUTIES OF "PARAMOUNT" IMPORTANCE

Lois Wilson, in "The Show-Off," and Esther Ralston in "Glorifying the American Girl"

"THE ROAD TO MANDALAY"

British officers accost "English Charlie Wing" (*Kamiyama Sojin*) to search the sinister dive of Singapore Joe (*Lon Chaney*). Lon Chaney as Singapore Joe stands at the head of the stairs in the background. Tod Browning, who directed Chaney in *The Unholy Three* and *The Black Bird*, wrote this story with Herman J. Mankiewicz and is also directing it for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



"BEAU GESTE"

Noah Beery as the villainous Sergeant Lejaune and Ronald Colman as the hero in Paramount's *Beau Geste*, the French Foreign Legion story by Percival Christopher Wren, directed by Herbert Brenon. There is an unusual featured cast, including Alice Joyce, Mary Brian, Ralph Forbes, Neil Hamilton, Norman Trevor and William Powell

SCENES FROM TWO STIRRING PHOTOPLAYS SOON TO BE RELEASED

Film version of Kipling's famous "Road to Mandalay" and the French legion story of "Beau Geste"

Gossip of the Screen Studios

PRODUCTION has started on the Tiffany production, *Lost at Sea,* with Lowell Sherman and Jane Novak in the leading rôles. In addition to the principals, the announcement states that others in the cast up to the present time include Huntly Gordon, Natalie Kingston, Billy Kent Schaefer and Joan Standing.

E. A. GRIFFITH is directing *Atta Boy,* in which Monty Banks is being starred by A. F. McArthur. The production is being filmed at the Roach studios.

AILEEN PRINGLE, who is now in New York, is to play in a new Robert Kane production for Paramount, to which organization she was loaned by the M-G-M studios.

BESSIE LOVE has been signed by M-G-M for the leading feminine rôle in *Young April,* in which Rudolph and Joseph Schildkraut are to be featured. Donald Crisp will direct.

JEAN HERSHOLT has been signed on a new starring contract with Universal for a period of five years. One of his future rôles will be the male lead in *The Man Who Laughs,* by Victor Hugo.

THE three forthcoming productions which Rudolph Valentino will make for release through United Artists will be made for a new company entitled the Feature Productions Company, according to announcements.

RUDOLPH SCHILDKRAUT is to play the rôle of Noah in *The Deluge,* Cecil B. De Mille's next personally directed production.

THE SUNSHINE OF MONTMARTRE, an original story by Hans Kraly, will be Norma Talmadge's next production for First National.

"THE TEMPTRESS"

Greta Garbo, famous Swedish star, who made her American début with sensational success in Ibañez' *Torrent,* has the title rôle in another well-known Blasco Ibañez picture, *The Temptress*—that of Elena. Miss Garbo is here pictured with Antonio Moreno, who plays the rôle of Robledo, a Spanish engineer. This is the great café scene of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production which Fred Niblo is now directing. This will be Mr. Niblo's first picture since the magnificent *Ben-Hur*

ALEC FRANCIS is to play the rôle of Peter Grimm in the new Fox production of *The Return of Peter Grimm,* which Victor Schertzinger will direct.

DIRECTOR SIDNEY OLCOTT will produce *The Four Feathers* with Richard Barthelmess immediately upon completion of *The Amateur Gentleman,* now in production with the star. *Ranson's Folly,* his first picture with Barthelmess, is now ready for release by First National.

MARY PHILBIN has been chosen for the feminine lead in *The Man Who Laughs,* which Universal will produce from the Victor Hugo novel.

FOX FILM'S next season's productions include the following: *The Music Master, The Auctioneer, The Return of Peter Grimm, Seventh Heaven, What Price Glory? Cradle Snatchers, The Way Things Happen, Going Crooked, The Family Upstairs, The Monkey Talks, The Pelican, Pigs* and *The Lily.*

TOM MOORE has been engaged to play opposite Corinne Griffith in her next production for First National, *Ashes.*

SHOW BUSINESS, a story of back-stage life in the theatre, written by Thyra Samter Winslow, has been purchased for motion-picture production by the M-G-M studios.

"Photoplay as International as a Circus"

The aspiration of Paul Leni, famous European director

WITH the gyrations of the steamer not entirely out of his system, nor the smell of salt water wholly gone, Mr. Paul Leni, the brilliant director of *The Three Wax Works,* has just arrived from Germany, after having "signed on the dotted line" for Carl Laemmle, president of the Universal.

Mr. Leni eagerly anticipates his work in Universal City, California, because of the profusion of good material with which he will work and the unstinted support he will receive in the creation of scenes and spectacles. In Germany, Mr. Leni says, he was handicapped because there are, all told, about twenty good movie actors—most of them too old for certain rôles—and, as a result, he would be forced to use a tragédienne for a juvenile rôle or *vice versa.* He said that he knows there are so many classifications of stars here that if he should require a princess to be portrayed, he would not have to accept one who specializes as housemaid.

"With the American's perfection of the spectacular and the German's study of the idea of the play, I see no reason why we shall not be able to produce photoplays whose appeal will not only be made to Germany and America but to the entire nation. We must try to eliminate the purely local idea and work on something much bigger. It is analagous to the circus. Everywhere the same things go to make up a circus—clowns, horses, elephants, bareback riders, etc—and since it is all pantomime, every country in the world can understand and appreciate it, whether it be the French circus, the German, the Italian or the American. Just so should the appeal of the photoplay be. It should be internationally appreciated, regardless of its nativity."

When asked how he thinks the German or other foreign audience differs from the American, he said that the European goes to the theatre to learn something, but that the American goes to be amused.

At the age of sixteen Mr. Leni was a scenic painter. In 1913 he began directing for the UFA Film in Berlin and has been directing ever since.

As one of his psychological stunts in directing, Mr. Paul Leni described a scene in the studio of a German film company. The hero was slow at registering fright. Mr. Leni tried, through repeated suggestion and demonstration to get the right interpretation from his actor. It failed. He told the cameraman to follow closely. Suddenly he drew forth a whip and struck the actor. Naturally, fright was registered.

Seeing our surprised look, Mr. Leni quickly added: "Of course I don't propose to perpetrate that here—it won't be necessary.

"Mr. Rothstein has given me freedom of action—don't misunderstand me, please—(I don't mean physical) and so I do not yet know what my first production will be. I have been given the key to Universal City—with so hearty a welcome, how can I help but love my new home."

THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited by M. E. KEHOE

Scene from *Release*, by Edward C. Smith, which was produced by the Cellar Players of the Hudson Guild, New York, and won the award for the third best play of the tournament. The scene is laid in a prison-cell, with four gangsters fighting for their lives. The men who played the gangster rôles acquitted themselves with high honors in two stirring and pulse-quickening performances of the play

PRIZE WINNING PLAYS OF THE NATIONAL LITTLE THEATRE TOURNAMENT

An enthusiastic New York audience was transported straight to the bayous of Louisiana in *The Cajun*, a play of the illiterate French of lower Louisiana, which was given a superb production by the Shreveport Little Theatre, Shreveport, La. This play, by Ada Jack Carver, won a Samuel French award for one of the two best unpublished plays of the tournament

A tense moment in *El Cristo*, by Margaret Larkin, the play with which the Dallas Little Theatre won the Belasco trophy and one of the two Samuel French awards of $200 for the best unpublished plays in the tournament. The Dallas Players covered themselves with glory in two splendidly acted performances that were professional in their smoothness and setting

The Drama at Carnegie Institute of Technology

The theatre of the Department of Drama, College of Fine Arts, at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh, and a view of the building which houses the Drama Department and the theatre. Carnegie "Tech" is the only college which fosters a professional school of the drama

THE Carnegie Institute of Technology is the first college to have instituted a course leading to a Bachelor of Arts degree, with the drama as a major subject. It began work in 1913 with about a dozen students; it now has seventy-five, which is as many as the department can accommodate, and at the commencement of the present college year there were one hundred and twelve applications, out of which only thirty-four could be accepted.

The first public performance was given on April 23, 1924, with *The Two Gentlemen of Verona,* directed by Mr. Donald Robertson and Mr. Thomas Wood Stevens, the latter being the head of the department and its organizer. Mr. Stevens remained in charge of the department for ten years, leaving in 1924, when he went to Chicago to take charge of the newly founded Goodman Memorial Theatre. April 23 is Shakespeare's birthday, and the date was not altogether fortuitously chosen. On the contrary, it inaugurated a custom, which has been unswervingly adhered to, of celebrating the birthday each year with a revival of one of Shakespeare's plays.

PURSUANT to a policy of giving variety to the direction, until the department had developed its full forces, a number of visiting directors were invited to give individual productions. Mr. Padraic Colum was an early visitor and directed a group of the Irish plays from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, with which he had been so intimately connected and which included some of his own work. Mr. B. Iden Payne was invited to the institution in 1914 to direct a revival of Shaw's *You Never Can Tell,* and he subsequently became a visiting professor, directing, as a rule, the annual Shakespearian production. So he remained until 1924, when, on the retirement of Mr. Stevens, he became the head of the department.

One of the most interesting visitors has been Mr. William Poel, the distinguished Shakespearian scholar and founder of the Elizabethan Stage Society of London. Under Mr. Poel's direction, a revival in Elizabethan manner of Ben Jonson's *The Poetaster* was given by the students in 1916. Through this association, doubtless, the institution subsequently acquired the remarkable wardrobe—probably the only absolutely faithful Elizabethan wardrobe at present in existence—of the Elizabethan Stage Society.

A GOOD deal of work of an experimental nature has been done in the field of decoration, notably in the case of *Pelléas and Mélisande,* produced by Mr. Hubert Osborne, now in charge of the acting at Mr. George Pierce Baker's dramatic department at Yale and who was for years one of the directors at the Carnegie Institute of Technology. In this production a remarkable series of more or less symbolistic scenes was projected, possibly in a more complete manner than had previously been attempted. These scenes were designed by Mr. Alexander Wyckoff, who was a pupil and the successor of Mr. Woodman Thompson. Mr. Thompson, himself a graduate of the Carnegie Institute of Technology in the painting and decoration department, first had charge of the scene painting when the drama department was founded, and it was whilst in that capacity that he first showed that individual capacity for design and that practical facility which has stood him in such good stead in his subsequent work with New York productions.

AS the running of the drama department is independent of all commercial considerations—no charge is made for admission and there is a large privileged audience, with a waiting list always on the increase—the organizers have been able to maintain a policy of producing only plays which give the students the best possible training as actors. Thus the list of plays produced is on a consistently high level. The annual Shakespearian revivals have included *As You Like It, Much Ado About Nothing, A Winter's Tale, Richard III, The Tempest, Romeo and Juliet, King John, The Taming of the Shrew* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor.* Several Greek tragedies have been produced, including *Iphigenia in Tauris, Hippolytus, The Trojan Women* and *Iphigenia in*

Aulis. Also a number of poetic dramas such as *Paola and Francesca,* by Stephen Phillips, and Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon,* Molière has been represented with *Tartuffe* (Mr. Donald Robertson's production), *The Doctor in Spite of Himself* and *Don Juan.* Other authors much in evidence in the list of productions are Sheridan, Shaw, Galsworthy, Wilde and Ibsen. The list would mean little, but the principle of selection gives it significance. No play is undertaken unless the director concerned—and there are four professional directors on the faculty—is convinced that there is a thoroughly adequate cast available. A too great rapidity of production is carefully avoided, and each play is given for at least six and sometimes for as many as fourteen consecutive performances. Much value is attached to this, for it is felt strongly that the students can achieve control of their technique only by means of a reasonable number of repetitions of the same part. This feature makes this department approximate in some respects rather to a repertory theatre, in the limited sense of the term, than to a college department.

Scene from *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* produced by the students of the drama department, under the direction of Prof. B. Iden Payne (*in the circle*), who is director of the Department of Drama at Carnegie Institute of Technology

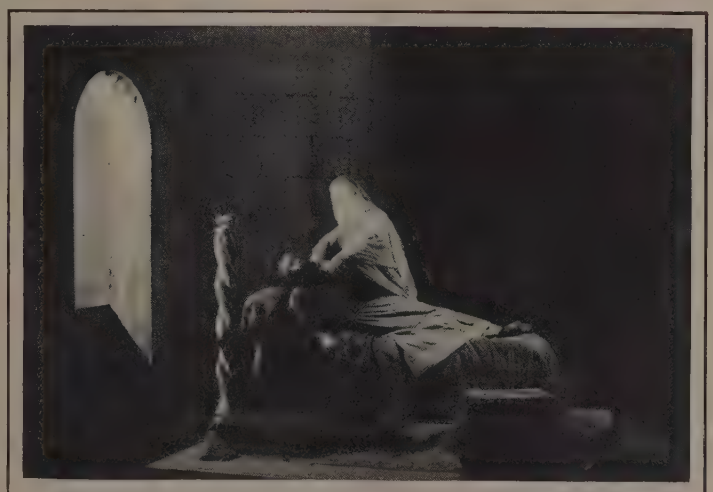
PROBABLY the best method of succinctly describing the principal features of the course at the Carnegie Institute of Technology is to quote from the catalog: "The Department of Drama is a professional school of the theatre. Its purpose is to provide a full training to young men and women who wish to become actors, playwrights, technical directors or producers. With this end in view, the students of the department have, as their major subject, the varied technical work involved in the continuous production of plays. The department maintains, as its principal laboratory, a non-commercial repertory-producing theatre, in which about a hundred performances a season are given. For these performances the various elements of the productions are the work of the department—the scenery, costumes and lighting, as well as the acting, and in some cases the plays."

The student is given instruction in the use of the voice, in gesture and reading and in acting throughout the course. During the first year, the men are required to learn the practical handling of scenery and properties, the routine work of the stage, and the women to begin work in the design, making and care of costumes. Each student is treated as a member of the theatre organization and is given the work best suited to his progress and training and to the successful preparation of plays. The object is to provide him with a general knowledge of the technique of the drama, approaching it by literary and historical courses as well as through a severe training in direct technical work. The technical courses are enumerated as follows: Elementary technique, diction, rehearsal and performance, stage-craft, stage work, costume making, folk-dancing, æsthetic dancing, fencing, model-making, electricity and lighting, stage management. The general studies include English, history of the theatre, history of civilization, hygiene, French, history of costume, general history of the arts, dramatic literature, introductory psychology.

BESIDES Mr. Iden Payne, the directors at present on the faculty are Mr. Chester M. Wallace, who has been connected with the institution for the past five years and is responsible for many productions, including notably *The Good Hope,* by Hermann Heijermann, and Brieux' *False Gods;* Mr. Frank McEntee, the founder of the Shakespeare Playhouse in New York and organizer of many tours of literary plays, and Mr. Theodore Viehman, who is a graduate of the institution and who attends also to the folk-dancing, which is regarded as an important branch of the course.

A few years ago a garden theatre was presented to the department, and there is generally an out-of-doors production each year. Maurice Hewlett's *Pan and the Young Shepherd,* Dekker's *The Shoemakers' Holiday* and Rostand's *The Fantasticks* (*Les Romanesques*) have possibly been the most interesting.

Because of its pioneer position in the field of college dramatics, it was perhaps only fitting that the recent Conference of Universities and Little Theatres should have been held at the Carnegie Institute of Technology. Many of the delegates present felt that the performance of Galsworthy's *Justice* on that occasion did much to justify the conviction upon which the whole work of the department is based—namely, that the art of the theatre is, essentially, the interpretive presentation of a play to an audience through the medium of acting, and that, however valuable other branches may be, they are and must be subsidiary, and that, at all times, *the acting comes first.*



An impressively staged scene from *Esther,* adapted by John Masefield, from the French of Racine, and produced by the freshmen students of the drama department, under the direction of Chester Wallace

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Mr. William A. Brady, the New York professional producer, was recently quoted as having said that "The Little Theatre movement is the only factor that will save the spoken-drama theatre from vanishing from American life."

Mr. Brady has quite evidently overlooked that other important factor—the colleges—where the youth of our country with a leaning toward the theatre are given specialized training in all the arts of the theatre.—THE EDITOR.

The National Little Theatre Tournament

The Fourth Successful Session

THE Fourth Annual Little Theatre Tournament, which held forth at the Bayes Theatre, New York, the first week in May, came to a brilliant close with the Dallas Little Theatre winning the Belasco trophy for the third consecutive season! That enterprising group also carried off a Samuel French award for one of the two best unpublished plays in the tournament.

The Little Theatres owe a huge debt of gratitude to Mr. Walter Hartwig, the moving spirit of the tournament and the man who first conceived and carried out the idea. It was Mr. Hartwig who organized the four annual tournaments which have taken place in New York, bringing competing groups from every section of the country.

Mr. Hartwig's adventure has now passed the experimental stage, and since its inception, four years ago, the idea has been taken up all over the country, with a record of fifty organized tournaments during the past season!

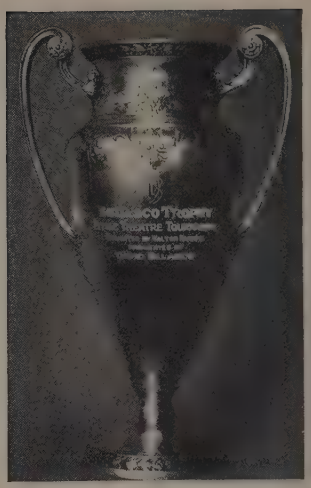
PRIOR to sailing for England, where he will visit the Little Theatres there, Mr. Hartwig gave us briefly, his ideas and ideals concerning the tournament and the Little Theatre, which follow: "The real purpose underlying the tournament is education. The entering groups get an excellent opportunity to study the work of other groups similarly engaged. Thus a standard is set, and the four plays that comprised the prize bill on the last day of the tournament can fairly be regarded as the best of the Little Theatre work in the country. But the tournament does more than this. It enables a group to see how a stage is managed with experts in charge. Professional stage crews are used during the tournament, but there is no reason why the groups should not train people to do the work at home for them as efficiently as it is done in the contest. Another advantage gained by a group entering the tournament is the impartial criticism that they receive, and in this regard a word must be said for the fine attitude of the press toward the adventure. Praise has been bestowed where it was due, but there has been no circulation-building palaver to compliment everyone just to make them feel good. The groups themselves appreciate this just estimate of their work. They discount everything that smacks of thoughtless flattery. If you can stand the batteries of observation in the tournament, be they good or bad, you have a group from which serious and worthy work may be expected.

"The tournament and the Little Theatre generally are in no sense competition for the commercial theatre. Advocational dramatics has nothing to do with the well-organized commercial theatre. Actors in the Little Theatre should not be encouraged to go upon the professional stage. If this is their object, then they should be kept out of the Little Theatre. Aspirants for honors in the commercial theatre should learn their profession in the conventional manner by attending a dramatic school and later entering a regular stock company. To constantly drain the Little Theatre of such talent and training as it may develop keeps it a crude and amateurish occupation, whereas it stands in a fair way to develop into something of intrinsic value. A much better scheme would be for the Little Theatre to share its profits with the actors and introduce this quasi-commercial element than to be constantly sending off its best strength to a professional theatre which is already overcrowded with untalented and undertrained actors."

IN all of which we heartily agree with Mr. Hartwig. But to go back to the tournament itself:

The four prize-winning plays were a study in contrasts and widely different in theme. There was the religious fervor and ecstacism of the Penitentes in the Dallas play, *El Cristo;* the simple French characters with their quaint dialect in the Shreveport play, *The Cajun;* the

(*Continued on page* 61)



The David Belasco trophy, won for the third consecutive season by the Dallas Little Theatre at the National Little Theatre Tournament, New York

The Little Theatres owe Mr. Walter Hartwig (*above*) a debt of gratitude for having conceived the Little Theatre Tournament idea. Mr. Hartwig has organized four successful tournaments which have brought competing groups to New York from every section of the country

True Thompson, in the difficult rôle of José Valdez, carried off the honors in the production of *El Cristo* by the Dallas Little Theatre

F · A · S · H · I · O · N · S

Miss Margaret Bannermann, of the Globe Theatre, London, wearing Lenief's *Araignée* (*The Spider*) gown, made of metallic lace, forming an exquisitely fine network

Mme. Mary Bell, of the Comedie-Française, wears this tasteful gown of organdie and lace in the new staging of *L'Ami des Femmes,* d'Alex. Dumas. Gown from Drecoll

Madame Teissier, of the Théâtre de L'Œuvre (Paris), starring in *Je ne vous aime pas,* is dressed by Bernard & Cie. This evening gown is embroidered in crystal beads, the skirt has long fringes of white silk and beads falling from the waist line

Afternoon gown of violet georgette, trimmed with scalloped layers of same fabric. Gown from Cyber

Afternoon coat of navy-blue taffeta, trimmed with white georgette, braided in dark blue. From Lucien Lelong

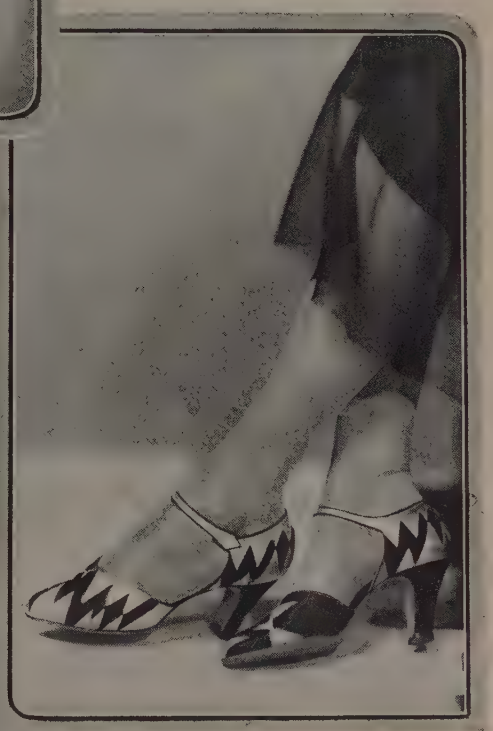
Evening gown of yellow georgette, embroidered with gold spangles. Cape of brown fulgurante, with mink trimming. From Drecoll

A slipper of natural raffia, perfectly matched in a big, natural straw hat, trimmed with satin and grosgrain ribbon and a pheasant feather

Posed by
Miss Fania Marinoff,
soon to star in a new play

These shoes are from
I. Miller & Son

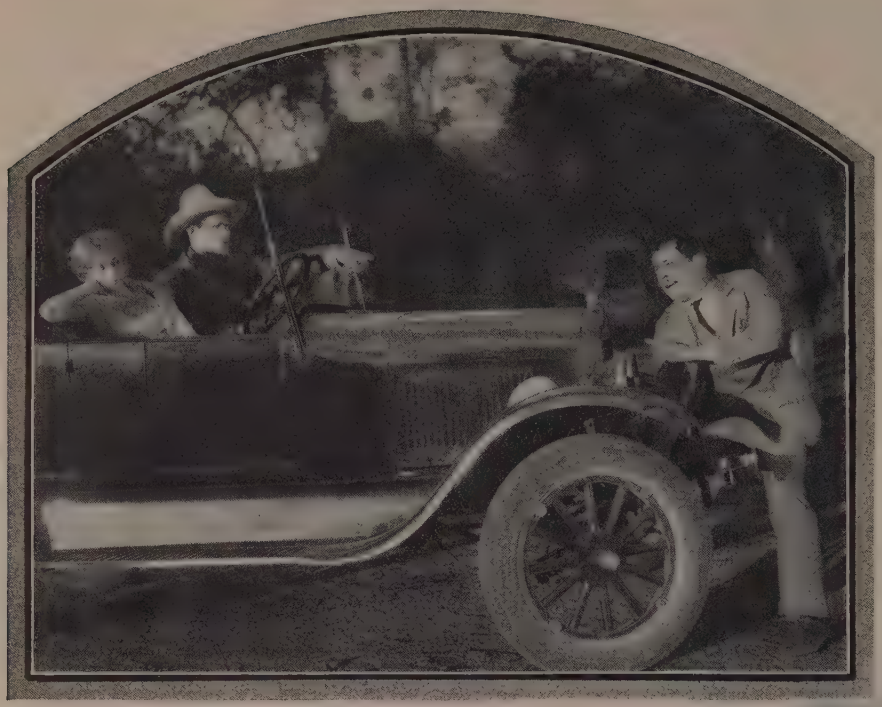
Photos
Irving Chidnoff



Both being of leather, the shoe to match the purse is a logical and charming interpretation of a mode that prescribes matching accessories. Shoe and purse of brown kid, with motif in lighter lizard

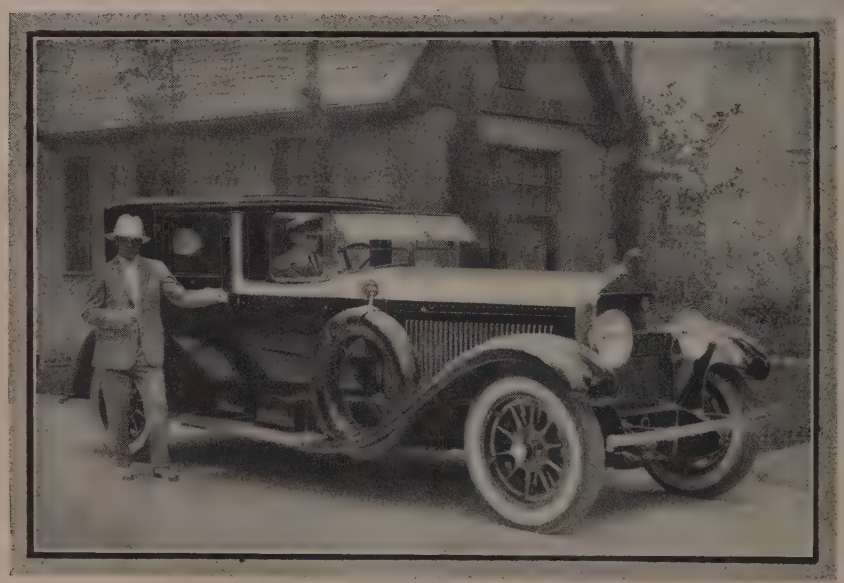
The slipper named "Euclid" is the latest Perugia interpretation of the modernistic idea, being a striking asymmetric arrangement of triangles. The idea is developed in silver kid on black satin, and the shoes come in many daytime as well as evening combinations

With a blue velvet afternoon gown of some formality, a gray kid shoe, trimmed with gray lizard after a Perugia design, completes a smart ensemble. The dress has streamers in two deep shades of rose and red. From Hattie Carnegie



Exchanging rôles! Art Acord—whose actions on the screen are being directed by Al Rogell—decides to take advantage of his rest period. Ena Gregory (Mr. Acord's leading lady) told Al Rogell that she never knew a Ford to need more than one cranking to set her flying—overtaking cars ten times her size and weight

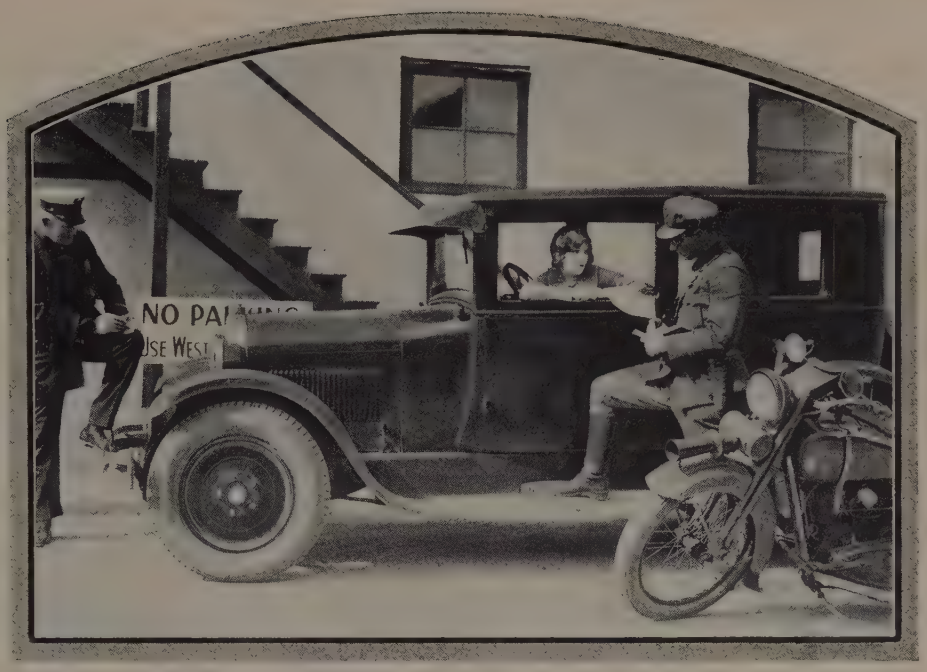
Words and action in steering. What other car than a Rolls-Royce could drive daily two such powers into the hearts of thousands! Jackie Coogan, who is strong on action, insists that he will not inflict any acrobatic stunts on Al Jolson, because, after all, is not this car famous for its endurance?



Rudolph Valentino, "Benvenuto Cellini," his car from Milano, Isotta Fraschini, 115 horse-power, this formal brougham, the sheik wired in: "Is the best that am"

MANY MODELS FOR MANY MOODS

The artistic temperament finds outlet in variety of cars



"Arms to the right of her—arms in front of her"—poor Marion Nixon, Universal star, when asked whether she didn't see the sign, said: "Yes, but I thought you wouldn't come near me." The indignant motorcyclist asked: "Why?" "Because," said the offended screen player, "if you saw the sign on my car—you wouldn't have come after me. It reads 'Dodge Brothers—dodge'"

A Jordan playboy for a screen playgirl—Majel Coleman, of the Cecil De Mille Studios, is not superstitious, BUT—she said she never goes to play golf without her mascot and her playboy. "There is something in its charm—something in the way it carries itself along the road that swings me into the gayest spirit, and you know how that helps in teeing off"

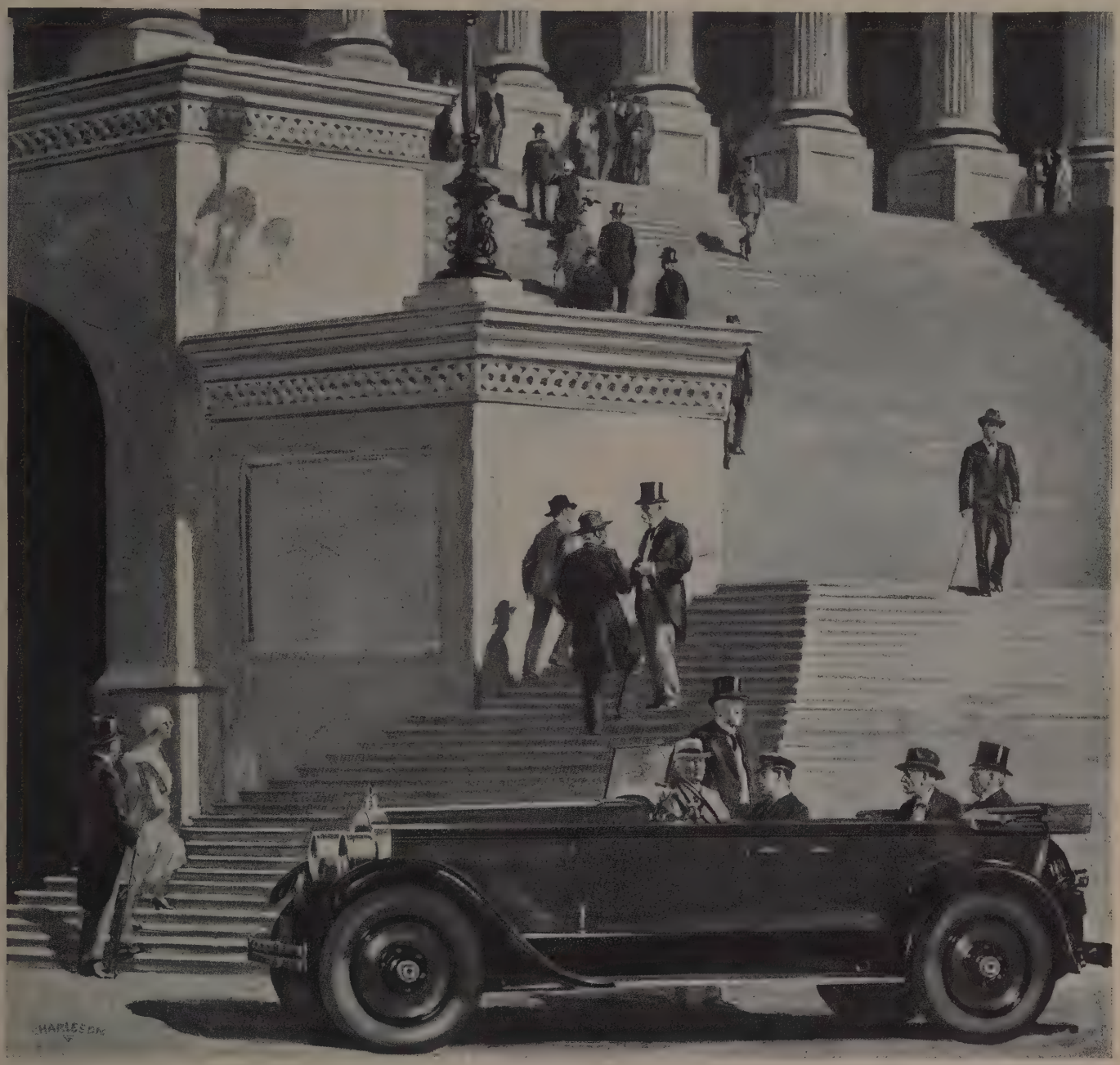
What "*Kid* in his *Boots*" would not be happy? Eddie Kantor has just purchased this graceful Locomobile, Jr.-8 roadster, whose elegant lines are not achieved through neglect of comfort. "If three is a crowd"—Eddie Kantor opens the drop-seat behind, which comfortably accommodates the extras

Monasterial quiescence pervades this corner of the library in the home of Paul Leni, former European director, who has now signed with Carl Laemmle of the Universal Pictures. There is a sanctity that surrounds books that Mr. Leni so well symbolized by the Roman Christ and the small Murillo painting

A harmony of pastel-coloring greets one as she enters the dressing-room in Miss Elsie Lawson's home (recently starred in *Dancing Mothers*). Violet walls, in Chinoise design, orchid taffeta criss-crossed with peach ribbon on the dressing-table; peach-color net curtains overdraped with sheer gold net, caught back with cut crystal; green glass lamps with pink-painted taffeta shades

The dining-room of Mrs. Harry H. Frazee's NewYork apartment, at 270 Park Avenue, finesse with charm. The walls are a soft pale green, offset by draperies of green and yellow-shaded taffeta, edged with coral fringe. The white lacquer chairs have coral velvet seats to match. The panels are decorated in garden scenes after the Directoire style of the eighteenth century. Pierre Dutel, decorator

GLIMPSES INTO THE HOMES OF THREE NOTABLES OF THE THEATRE



Serving America's Aristocracy

America has its aristocracy of intelligence and culture, of achievement and wealth, of taste and talent. Every community has its leaders of thought and action. And historic Washington—drawing its leaders from every section of the Union—is representative of the aristocracy of them all.

There in the world's greatest capital it is natural to find Packard cars honored by marked preferment—now as for a generation past. That five of the distinguished jurists of the United States Supreme Court own Packard cars is but an indication of this preference among those whose taste and judgment is unquestioned.

The list of cabinet members, senators, ambassadors and congressional leaders who consistently favor Packard with their patronage reads like the roster of an American peerage. Packard could cite no stronger credentials.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Bride of the Lamb

(*Continued from page* 28)

Verna enters. She is like the frayed end of a dish rag. Her voice is high and squeaking from overstrained nerves and nerve exhaustion. Albaugh finally arrives and is greeted by Ina. He is leaving in the morning, but Ina pleads with him to take her with him. She can't go on without him—it would be like living in a tomb. Her pleading stirs something in Albaugh, and he finds himself hardly constrained to take her in his arms.

ALBAUGH: It'd be wonderful that way—if it could be—us two working for the Lord together, side by side—doing the Lord's work. You and me, Iny! *Oh, God!* (*Suddenly covers his face.*)

INA (*her overstrained emotions cause her to drop to her knees before him*): Oh, Rev. Albaugh—I want you. I can't live without I go with you——! (*Her hands are fluttering over him, over his head and bent shoulders, fearful to clasp, yet instinctively caressing.*) I'll die left here—Rev. Albaugh! I got to be with you. I don't know—I got to be with you——!

ALBAUGH (*takes his hands from before his face and grips her hands. Their hot faces are close together—wild—frenzied*): Ina—Ina. For God's sake—Ina—we can't—we dassent—Ina! . . . I never . . . any woman like you! We got to remember what's right——

INA: Take me—take me.

Their emotions grip them in an insane passion. At length Rev. Albaugh tears himself from her.

ALBAUGH: Pray, my Iny—pray for strength; seek your Saviour!

INA: Good-bye——

ALBAUGH: I don't dast to kiss you——

He kisses her—dashes out. Ina takes a few reeling steps and then falls to her knees.

INA: Our Father in Heaven—blessed Jesus—Thy Son. Take me—take—Amen. Jesus walking in light—Jesus the Son—take me—fill me—Thy blood. Wash me in the blood. Praise God the Lamb—the blessed Lamb—the Son of Man. Jesus the Lamb—bathe me in the fountain of the Lamb—the bride of the Lamb—Thy bride. Beautiful Jesus—strong spirit—strong—take me into Thy arms. Jesus, my bridegroom—my bridegroom. Fountain of blood—fountain of love—fill me—spray over me—Thy love. Fill me—fill me. Take me, bridegroom—bridegroom——

She falls back in a paroxysm, gasping, twisting, shuddering on the floor. Gradually she quiets and lies inert, tremors racking her at moments. In the stillness there is a surreptitious tap at the door. It opens and Albaugh comes in. Still lying prostrate, she turns her head to see him. She utters a low, moaning cry—a little of despair, much of ecstasy. Without words, as though moved by a force beyond his own volition, he drops his valise, steps to her, falls to his knees by her side. He bends low over her. Ina's arms reach up around his neck. She draws him down to her. The curtain falls.

* * * * * * *

INA greets Rev. Albaugh with a low, impassioned greeting.

Again she takes up the plea that he take her with him. She gazes in at her husband, lying still sogged with liquor, and the sight seems to renew her revulsion and her mad insistence.

INA: You ought to see him—in there—sot—in a drunken sleep!

ALBAUGH: It's his weakness. He's a good husband and father when these spells ain't on him.

INA: Oh, good enough. That ain't it. He's there! If he was a saint, it 'ud be the same. He's there! Did you sleep?

ALBAUGH: Some.

INA: You do love me like you said?

ALBAUGH: I love you more'n I said—more! There, there—we mustn't talk like this now. We've got to keep holt of ourselves.

INA: Oh, dear! Oh, mercy! My heart's just gone outside my body with you——! I'm shut into a grave alive! (*Her black look goes toward her husband's room again.*) If it wasn't for him—he just lies there like a log—might just as well be a log lyin' there! If it wasn't for him, how things could be then——!

Rev. Albaugh takes the opportunity to enlighten Ina a little concerning his past life.

Verna comes in to ask her mother if she may wear her white shoes to Sunday-school. Ina tells her she may, but she must tidy them up a little. Verna gets the whitening and after a few minutes returns to exhibit her handiwork. Rev. Albaugh has returned to his room.

VERNA: Look, mamma. Will I put 'em on now?

INA: All right. My, you daubed your hands. *Don't* rub your mouth! My goodness! Don't you know that's poison? A little girl drank some of that the other day and she died! My goodness, be careful; don't get that near your mouth!

She takes the bottle and starts across with it to put it away. Verna is busy putting her shoes on. Suddenly the desperate course, which has been unconsciously determining in her consciousness, now springs to the forefront of her mind. It grips her. It becomes dominant. It has her in its power. With nothing surreptitious in her manner—only a controlled white heat of purpose—she goes into her husband's room. Verna, seated on the floor, begins to sing.

A knock sounds at the door and Minnie Herrick, a blonde, portly lady of forty enters. Her face is "touched up" and, while hardened by life, it is not hard by nature; a pleasant, garrulous, harmlessly vulgar woman.

Minnie introduces herself. She has come to see Rev. Albaugh—heard he was staying there.

MINNIE: It's many a long day since I've seen him! And it's many a long day since he's seen me. I guess you'll laugh maybe when I spring it—I'm his wife!

Ina is silent; gradually she seems to shrink, to grow smaller and smaller, her face to pinch and draw as she sits in her chair with her eyes fixed on the woman who never stops her flow of words.

Yes, sir, his wife! He'll be surprised, I shouldn't wonder. It's eighteen years since I haven't seen nor heard hide nor hair of him—eighteen years! I'm not blaming him—I'm not blaming him. We had our differences, and I was to blame too, I s'pose. And times was hard—we couldn't get work. You know how 'tis. We was in vawedville. I met him that way. He left me—left me flat. I happened to see a squib in the paper, and the name struck me—Albaugh. I sez to myself that was Sanderson's mother's name. You see, he took that name evidently. . . . How soon do you think he'll be coming in? Huh——? I sez, how soon do you think he'll be coming in?

Albaugh enters and on second glance recognizes his wife. The latter rushes up to him, babbling incoherently. Albaugh glances apprehensively across at Ina.

INA (*in a strange, thin voice*): You never said——!

Ina begins a convulsive laughter, which grows into a scream.

ALBAUGH: Ina! My God! Ina!

MINNIE: What's the matter here?

Verna, who has been taking it all in unnoticed, agape, begins to whimper.

ALBAUGH: Get something—get a doctor! Go call your father—go wake him up! Get him up!

Verna, frightened, runs into the bedroom.

INA (*realizing after a moment*): Don't let her go in there! Don't let her go in there! (*She rises to go after Verna, but meets her as Verna comes screaming out from the room with a blanched face.*)

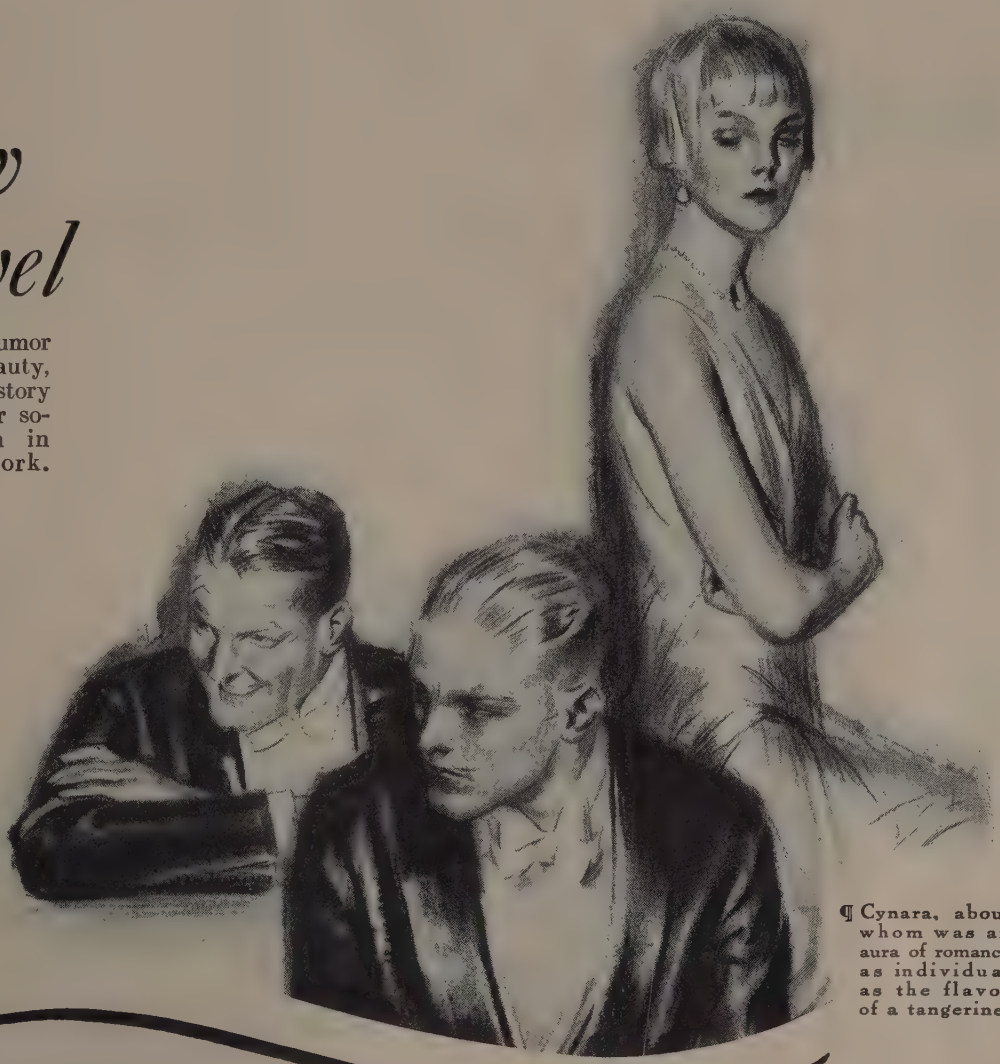
VERNA: Poppa . . . Poppa . . .! Look at poppa——!

INA: Hush up—shut up—shut up!

(*Concluded on page* 58)

A New Novel

¶ Done with humor as well as beauty, a dramatic story of the newer sophistication in new New York.



¶ Cynara, about whom was an aura of romance as individual as the flavor of a tangerine.

The Talk of the Town

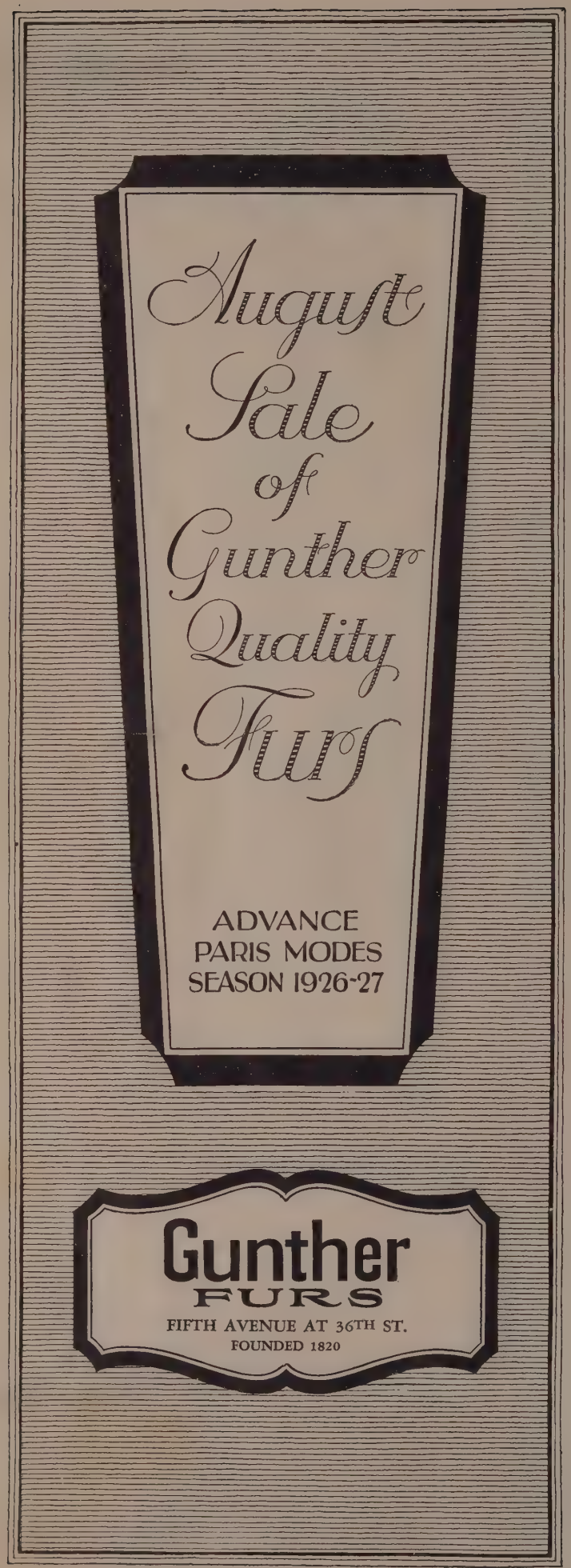
By LYNN *and* LOIS SEYSTER MONTROSS

"STANDING so still the amber balls were almost quiet against her narrow cheeks, she was doing a slashing battle in her heart against the formidable, gaunt pain that was striving to enter there. It seemed to her she hated this man because he could make a gesture of humility and defeat, feeling neither. 'But maybe,' she thought, 'it is only the rain outside I hate, or the black-eyed doll on the mantelpiece; or perhaps it is myself I hate because I have misjudged a man for so long a time.'"

This new novel is so genuine, so finely emotional, that we have called it *the* feature of the coming season.

College Humor

On Sale at all newsstands August First



ADVENTURES OF A WOMAN PLAYWRIGHT

(*Continued from page* 22)

thermometer dropping at an alarming rate. We were due at Rochester at six and had all decided to have dinner after we got there. With the discovery that the train was two hours late, we stampeded for the diner, only to find such mobs of people waiting there wasn't a chance of getting a place. Then the thermometer began to drop inside as well as out. We huddled in our chairs; we kicked at the porters. All to no avail! Our spirits, too, took a dizzy tumble.

We reached Rochester a little before eight. Rehearsal was called for eight-thirty. Dinner *or* bath; that was the vital question as there wasn't time for both. Scurrying through the lobby of the Seneca, I saw two of the Italians in the cast floundered at the office, trying to make themselves understood. I pretended I didn't see or hear. Every charitable instinct in me seemed to have been obliterated; I was too exhausted to help piece out those broken sentences.

Dinner seemed to be the general choice. That over, we foregathered in the hotel ballroom. As I recall it, it was a room that stretched hundreds of feet in every direction. Some patriotic convention had just met there and dozens—no, thousands of American flags were plastered about the walls. Little gold spindly chairs dotted the expanse of shiny floor, that soon took on the appearance of a pond of ice. For if the thermometer was four below outside, it was forty below in that ballroom, in the remote corners of which seemed to lurk snow-fields and icebergs. A polar bear lurching into our midst would have created no surprise whatever.

Well, we began to rehearse. With chattering teeth and shaking limbs we went through love scenes and recriminations and confessions over and over again. We tucked our feet up on the rungs of those precarious gold chairs, we huddled and dozed fitfully, came to and droned on and on and on. Our assistant stage manager, one of the oyster victims, nearly fainted. We stretched him out on four gold chairs; sherry was administered. We were all blindly grateful to him, for the excitement warmed our blood. That is, for the moment! At a quarter of two, I could stand it no longer and flagrantly deserted. I simply turned and fled, fled in so far as my numbed legs permitted. I heard someone coming after me in hot pursuit. I expected to be dragged back by the hair. But it was only the juvenile. "I just wanted to ask you what was your idea of the psychology of that last speech of mine!" Psychology! At that drab, bitter hour of the dawn!

I left a call for seven in the morning and got to bed. As I was dozing off, I heard someone come into the next room, go to the telephone and leave a call for four o'clock. It was the stage manager. As the partitions between the rooms were thin, the stage manager's call woke me long before it woke him. We must have all been at the theatre that Sunday morning by eight o'clock. The full-dress rehearsal was called for ten. Again confusion and din reigned supreme. We were there all day. The Seneca sent in lunch—salad, sandwiches and coffee. Oh, that coffee! Never has anything tasted so life-restoring. The first swallow was a supreme experience and meant infinitely more to me than the ringing up of the curtain opening night.

Another of our oyster victims was standing talking to a group of us. All of a sudden she fainted dead away and fell to the floor. We watched her vaguely; no one attempted to catch her. We all had a confused idea it was part of the story she was telling us, that she was just acting out something. She recovered and went on. They all have infinite courage; they recover and go on indefinitely. A few minutes later, less inconspicuously, I announced that *I* was going to faint. One of the men caught me at the very moment of his entrance call. He passed me on to the next man. There was an enormous bed back of the scenes, the residue of some itinerant Al Woods farce doubtless. I was deposited on that, an overcoat thrown over me; then my second rescuer rushed out to take his entrance cue. When he came back, I was sleeping peacefully; on the floor at the foot of the bed slumbered a stage-hand.

Let me say here, if there ever was a hard-working lot of men, it is the stage-hands, particularly on tour. Our crew had spent the night before we left New York loading up our freight-car. The night after we reached Rochester had been taken up with unloading, setting up of scenes, etc. In all, they had had a straight stretch of forty-eight hours without sleep.

I remember once in Buffalo, coming back to my hotel at night to find my room not made up. I rang for the chambermaid, who glibly explained: "I thought you was stage folks and slept all day." How tenaciously the public clings to that idea that stage folks sleep all day and frolic all night!

Someone brought sandwiches and Zoolac in for supper that evening, but I have no recollection how late we rehearsed. The next day, too, is a blur. We had a quick-time rehearsal. That is, the actors sit around in a circle and go through their lines without expression of any sort and three times more quickly than in ordinary speech. The effect is comic and grotesque, of course, but the practice makes letter-perfect.

The hats which had not been done when we left New York, were to have been shipped by the costumer on Saturday night. They did not arrive that Monday, so the girls were forced to

(*Continued on page* 55)

When vacation time has come again—and you're off in your car for the land of carefree outdoors —have a Camel!

Camels are sold wherever civilization has its stores. If going into the deep woods or far back in the mountains where trade and people have not come, better take several cartons of Camels with you. You'll find "Have a Camel" the password to friendliness, everywhere.

WHEN glad vacation time again is here. And you're hurrying away to a world of carefree forgetfulness. Ah, then — when straight ahead lie the great woods and sparkling waters of your own outdoors—*have a Camel!*

For Camel's friendly goodness makes every fair vacation fairer. Each happy day is more satisfying, more restful for the companionship of Camels. Camels have never been known to tire the taste—they are made of such choice tobaccos. Camels are so perfectly blended that, indoors or outdoors, they never leave a cigaretty after-taste. Rolled into Camels is more goodness, more sheer smoking enjoyment than you ever found in any other cigarette.

So as you start away for a deserved vacation. As the long road calls you on to unexplored land. When each day you feel more joyously rested—taste then the most perfect contentment that ever came from a cigarette. When it's your right to be happy, you should have the best cigarette made, regardless of price.

Have a Camel!

Our highest wish, if you do not yet know and enjoy Camel quality, is that you may try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any cigarette made at any price.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

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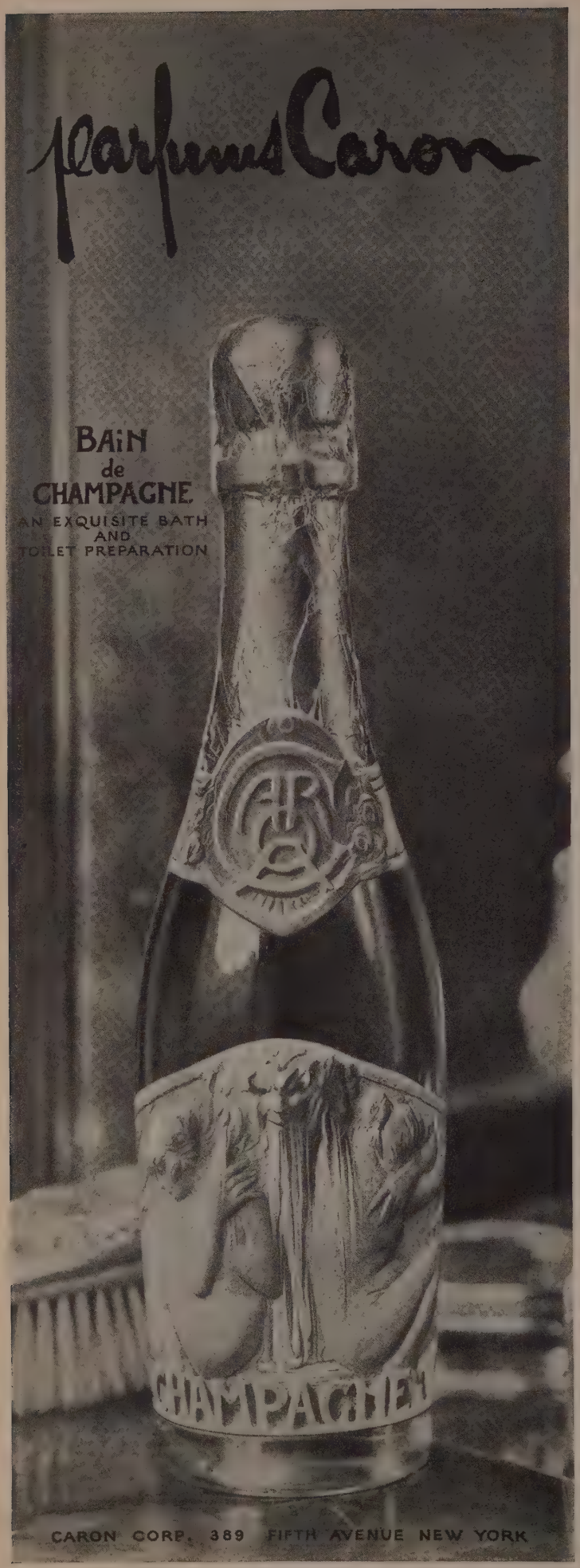

A Snooper Behind the Scenes

By SYLVIA B. GOLDEN

IN SCHOOL—WITH ARLINE BLACKBURN

"WHO d'yuh want there, Missey?" the stage-door man at the Miller Theatre called to me, "Arline Blackburn? Well, see those long, skinny legs and blonde hair—up there, behind the scenes—that's huh."

Two timid little eyes bashfully peeped up at me. Her stiffly starched, white-ruffled dress and blue-silk sash shrieked, "Sund'y best"—you know the kind of "dress-up" that you and I loved to parade in, but breathed so easily when we saw it back in the wardrobe, free from spots?

"Still sliding off the settee, Arline?" I asked.

"Oh," she gasped, "did you notice that I almost fell off in one of my sliches to-night?"

"No, but I did notice that your stocking slipped in the back, and I saw your bare leg."

Arline's mouth and eyes opened as though both were controlled by the same string: "Oh, did you, really?" shocked.

I saw her twisting something in her hand, and at first I thought it was merely a stabilizer of nerves. "What are you making?"

"It's a wire-bead ring—isn't it pretty?" holding up a bizarre-colored bunch of beads strung on Indian wire. The modern edition of the horsehair ring. "I'm really doing this to keep my mind occupied—because I'm simply *scaaared* to death over my examinations."

"What examinations?"

"You know I go to the Professional Children's School, and this is examination week. We've had our geography and history exams already, and that's all right—because I like those subjects. Well, I don't exactly hate them, anyway—but (with a decisive nod of her head) to-morrow, oh, dear (gasped), my awful black day—'rithmetic."

"How old are you, Arline?"

"Twelve—was twelve last week—and I had the peachiest birthday party here, and they gave me the loveliest cakes and things after the performance, and Miss Brady gave me two bottles of perfume—just exactly the same kind she uses herself, you know (with an air of gravest importance), and the bottles are that big" (measuring with her little thumb and forefinger).

"Have you a photo of yourself; I should like to have one," I said.

"Mamma has, she's up-stairs in my dressing-room."

In our actress' dressing-room was a large doll with a black face that had grown white in spots, perched on the right-hand side of the mirror. All around the glass were little kewpie dolls, some with safety-pins attached to them and others with little bells or ribbons. Birthday cards from "Mother" and others, an irregular sketch of Arline made by her sister, who she told with great pride is "a wonderful artist," some work-out puzzles *and* a rabbit's foot whose natural color was slightly tinted by a bit of rouge.

"Where is Verna—the daughter of the Bride of the Lamb?" Edmund Elton called in to our room.

"I'm coming," and Arline Blackburn obediently dashed down-stairs.

IN BACK OF A STREET IN MOSCOW—WITH TESSA KOSTA

"PEANUTS, five cents"; "only three bricks of ice-cream left—a nickel apiece"; "sandwiches." Do you think I'm talking about a circus? Not at all. Back-stage of the Forty-fourth Street Theatre, where *The Song of the Flame* takes fire every day. Here and there little groups of the Russian chorus, some humming, some bantering, others laughing, talking—but all of them munching. One tall Cossack in full regalia opened a little three-partitioned change-purse and counted out "Vun, doo, trih tzent" for the last bargain brick of cream left.

Effie drew the curtain and I entered Tessa Kosta's dressing-room. Telegrams of felicitation covered an entire wall, from Raquel Meller, André Vecsey, managers, co-stars, relatives and friends; flowers and all the things you expect to find in a prima donna's dressing-room.

"How did you get the Russian spirit, Miss Kosta?"

"As a Hungarian, I do think I make a pretty good Russian, but it must be through contact with the contagious Russian spirit here—they're a lovely set, such fire and dash. Some of us get together, don't understand one word the other says, but that doesn't discourage us—we're the chummiest friends.

"They gave me that silver vase, filled with flowers," Miss Kosta pointed to a tall vase marked "To Our Dear Flame—From the Russian Art Choir."

A thunderous noise. The Russians were preparing for their next entrance. No trace of ice-cream, peanuts or sandwiches. Order. Shuffle. Silence and the business of acting.

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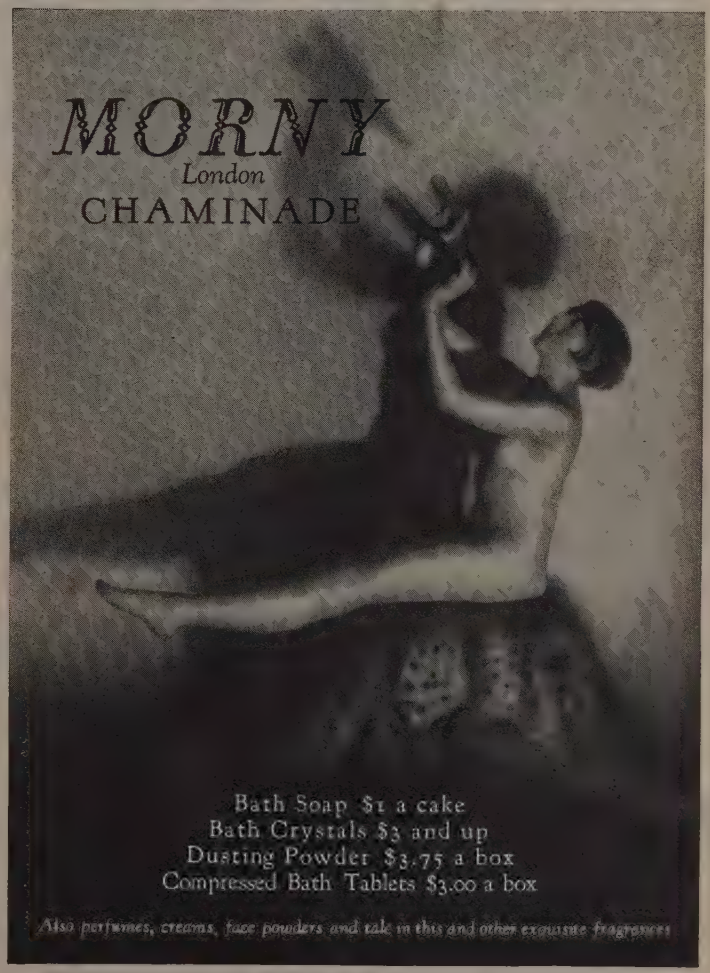

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ADVENTURES OF A WOMAN PLAYWRIGHT

(*Continued from page* 52)

go out and buy their hats or else borrow from one another. Some of the stage properties had gone astray to the consternation of the stage manager. On all sides there was a tendency to be melodramatic about something. The reporters were collecting at the theatre for advance publicity. Someone fell the length of the iron stairs that led to the dressing-rooms. Then Mr. X., our new manager, arrived from New York. Mr. X. was at this time owner of a baseball team and was forever being trailed by long-distance calls. "Toronto on the long distance for Mr. X.!" "Mr. X., just a second; Chicago on the line." Any attempt at a sustained conference about the play ended so.

At eight o'clock I was sitting in the dining-room of the Seneca with groups of the townspeople at near-by tables discussing the evening's show. Yes, they were all going and they were very much excited. I couldn't stand their eager anticipation, so left my dinner and rushed over to the theatre. The actors were fearfully nervous. One of them had lost his hat. Desperately rushing from dressing-room to dressing-room, he loudly accused the other actors of hiding it for a joke. As a matter of fact, he had it on, but as it was the first time he had worn it with his wig, he didn't feel the weight of it on his head. Of course we thought it was some other hat he was looking for. I shall never forget the expression on his face when I said: "But why can't you, just for to-night, wear the hat you have on?"

The assistant stage manager kept poking his head into the diverse dressing-rooms with the customary warning: "Half hour to curtain!" Then in *sotto voce:* "I'm ten minutes late, but don't let on!" There was a gay, excited rumor that a minor member of the cast had been drinking and had been saucy to the director. One of the stage-hands was displaying a sprained wrist to the passers-by.

I looked through the peek hole in the curtain; the people were streaming in. Then I was out front in a box with our manager and Mr. X. The music struck up. We had had a carefully selected musical program to fit the mood of the play. *Marjolaine* was due at the Lyceum the latter part of the week, so the musicians had conceived the eccentric idea of practising that music on us. So it was to the sprightly strains of *Marjolaine* we began. But what did it matter, one tune or another? "Washington calling Mr. X.!" There was a ring; the curtain was going up. The play, *my* play, was about to begin, and I was too weary of body, too discouraged of soul to get one tiny thrill!

(*To be concluded next month*)

DANCE ON!

(*Continued from page* 30)

medium, capable of expressing all or any part of life, from every conceivable point of view and with as many different techniques as there were situations. One can no longer hold, even frantically, to one's own private dance cult. Dancing is at last free from cults, names and distinctions. It isn't ballet, it isn't folk, it isn't natural and it isn't æsthetic dancing; it is just the Dance. Its function is the same as that of any other art—to get the essence from life and re-create it for us in a bigger, clearer, more universal and eternal form.

With this much accomplished up to date, we look forward with great eagerness to our next Dance season. New York is, at last, conscious of the Dance as an artistic entity; in fact, the whole country seems to have simultaneously responded to its presence. There is sweeping the country, at present, a movement in the dance very much like the Little-Theatre movement in the drama. Then, too, it will be good to have the all-American Denishawn Dancers back again. It will be so illuminating to see what has happened to their home-made product during its contact with all the countries of the world. But all these things will only throw stronger light on the already quite evident fact that the dance has at last become a mature and universal Art, with height, breadth, depth and a tremendous fourth dimension.

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Exterior of Repertory Theatre, Boston

SHAKESPEARE FOR A DIME!

(*Concluded from page 24*)

had the idea that Shakespeare was caviar for the common people; really quite above their comprehension. Something written for the people in evening dress with whom we had sat the other night down at the Empire. And yet we recalled Hogarth's "Laughing Audience" and other old prints of audiences, and here they were in the flesh, just as they were a century or more ago. We might ask, "What were those people doing *there?*"

A MIXED AUDIENCE

THE couple in front of us looked like a coal-heaver and his lydy; I fancied she had been over the washtub all day—and now Shakespeare at night! A pretty girl clinging to the arm of an Underground guard; a nurse in a brown costume and veil who has begun munching sandwiches and sits with an anxious frown as though she heard the baby crying; a prim woman with her daughter—she had been pretty too once and is trying to live vicariously those days when she came to the Old Vic fancy-free and first saw her child's father. There are wall seats too, where one may sit but not see; a couple of blokes, who look like costermongers with kerchiefs instead of collars about their necks and with caps pulled down over their eyes, sit there with their lydies.

Why do these people come to Shakespeare? I soon learned.

Shakespeare is an institution; Old Vic is an institution. They knew their Shakespeare and they knew the actors taking the parts. There were gusts of loyal enthusiasm after each act or scene that lasted in promiscuous exchange of views during the intermission. The drama brought forth tense attention, the quizzical twinkles of the eyes and the humor guffaws of laughter.

Between the acts, it is like the "seventh inning"; we all stand and stretch because there are no backs to our seats. There is one very vain lady in front who always waits until the others sit down before she stands—to show off her large hat with feathers that resemble a carabinieri and her whole outfit of ludicrous pre-war splendor.

There is someone eating all the time, but it is between the acts that the eating really begins in earnest. The place is deluged with tea. The moment the lights go up there is a clanking of cups and saucers all over the house. And everyone seems to be smoking, women and men.

One gentleman in line with my vision begins drinking tea extra early with thoughtful elegance, his little finger raised high with a consciousness of "theatre." I can just barely hear him sipping from his saucer. We are suddenly deluged, when a kindly gentleman out of the goodness of his heart offers to open a bottle of soda pop for a lone helpless female—and it squirts over a radius of twelve feet entirely filled with audience. A gentleman near by unlimbers a bulky pair of field-glasses with a proud sense of ownership and surveys the more expensive regions of the house with the air of a field-marshal gazing at a lieutenant. I had read once in a novel of their eating oranges up here in the Old Vic and throwing the "pips" down on the holders of better seats below—and, sure enough, they were living up to their reputation. An old podger affectionately brings out a battered cigar, tenderly licking it where it has been injured, like an old dog licking his master's wounds. Despite all this tenderness, the smoke thereof proves a tough cordial for the audience.

SUPERB ACTING

THERE are no footlights used and I must confess to a certain naturalness in the resultant lighting on the stage that was effective. The actors spoke their lines with a rich, resonant audibility and accent that was a joy to hear. The acting was superb—and by that I mean that it was done with intelligence and a relish that made the lines live and the humor redolent.

Above all, there was co-operation and co-ordination. *Nym* was not only one of the sharpers attending Falstaff, but the painter of the settings as well; *Simple* was assistant stage manager—and the audience were co-partners!

Why do I need name the play as *The Merry Wives of Windsor?* A Shakespeare play by any other name would do as well. The point is that here is the proof that highbrows nor lowbrows are neither essentials for being entertained by the Great Dramatist; that his plays can be put on at popular prices and without dazzling stars to mulct the box-office before it opens even and to side-track Shakespeare for star-gazing.

It is a matter first of debunking Shakespeare—and after that co-partnership—the Players, the Public and Shakespeare.

One of Oscar Wilde's Quips

From *The Importance of Being Earnest*

Algernon Moncrieff: "How do you account for eight bottles of champagne being consumed here within so short a time?"

Lane (man servant), unconcernedly: "The excellent quality of the brand, sir."

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PERSONALITY?

(*Continued from page* 18)

In the *Greenwich Village Follies* this season the same "high-yellar" team of *Lady, Be Good* stops the show every night. Like Jolson, they too are younger than Peter Pan and give way to their work to complete abandon. Their names are Bailey and Barnum and so unreservedly do they throw themselves into their music, that every other consideration save the sentiment of "Whistle Away Your Blues" is eliminated. They glorify the care-free mood. The audience is lifted up and carried along by it. "Whistle Away Your Blues" they sing. Business worries, home cares, domestic troubles — they're all forgotten — put to sleep under the opiate. Only an exhilarating sense of well-being remains.

Many moods other than the exaggerated mother-love mood of the Mammy song and the care-free mood of "Whistle Away Your Blues" may be created by the personality artist. "California, here I come," Jolson sang one season. And his audience responded with a throbbing joyousness at the prospect of the Golden West. Their critical minds did not reflect that it would not be—as the mood implied—a group of pleasant friends standing with open arms to receive them upon their arrival in California, but instead a formidable army of real-estate agents waiting to hound them into a first instalment!

It is critical thinking, then, that is incompatible with an entertainer's success on the stage. The freer, the less inhibited, the more unrestrained he can become in his work, the more closely he approximates the child's lack of embarrassment, the nearer he comes to the magic of which personality is made. If he is truly younger than Peter Pan, there is no conflicting self-criticism in his mind. He has room for one thought, one emotion. And in projecting a single, unalloyed impression upon his audiences he has truly "put it across."

BRIDE OF THE LAMB

(*Concluded from page* 50)

Albaugh and Minnie stand agape, petrified. Albaugh looks beyond into the bedroom, frightened of what he may find there. The curtain falls to indicate the passing of a few hours. It rises again to disclose Albaugh standing with his head in his hands by the mantel, the Coroner walking back and forth across the room.

CORONER (*glances at him, then away, then speaks*): Terrible thing, Rev. Albaugh, terrible thing!

ALBAUGH: My God, she couldn't have done it! She couldn't have done it!

CORONER: She was overstrained maybe. I dunno. Seems like things might have been maybe too much for her.

The Sheriff makes his appearance. Albaugh turns sharply with a gasp.

SHERIFF: Yes, they tell me things look bad for Mrs. Bowman.

CORONER: He died of poisoning from that shoe-polish. And then her own actions on top of it all. I guess it's up to you, Sheriff.

ALBAUGH (*has stood with his eyes fixed in a horrified gaze on the Sheriff, now cries out*): No!

SHERIFF: 'Fraid I got to, Reverend. Where is she now?

CORONER: She's in there. The Doctor's here. He's with her.

Sheriff looks toward the dining-room door, nerving himself to his harrowing duty. The door opens and Ina enters, followed by the Doctor. Ina is smiling a silly, happy smile. Upon her head is a wreath of paper flowers and a piece of white mosquito netting arranged something like a wedding veil.

INA (*simpering prettily*): Good morning! Good morning! How do you do all! Happy is the bride the sun shines on! (*She goes to the Coroner.*) And you've been saved too. Praise God—hallelujah! Over three million have been saved! Yes! What a harvest——!

She has paid no attention to Albaugh more than to the others—she included him in her general, impersonal greeting.

SHERIFF: We're going to take a little drive now.

INA: Oh, pardon—me—just a moment. I forgot you haven't met my intended! (*She smiles a proud, happy, humble smile and indicates an imaginary figure at her side.*) Let me introduce the bridegroom—Mr. Christ. Oh, I am such a proud and happy girl.

SHERIFF (*touches her arm*): You better come with me now.

INA: Yes. Are we ready?

She links her hand in the Sheriff's arm. They walk up to the door. Ina takes the measured steps of a bride walking up the church aisle. She hums the wedding march—"Tum-tum-te-tum—Tum-tum-te-tum." Her head is drooped, her hands hold an imaginary bridal bouquet. She passes out thus on the arm of the Sheriff. Albaugh's knees melt under him; he sinks to the floor, covering his face.

ALBAUGH: God forgive me—God forgive me!

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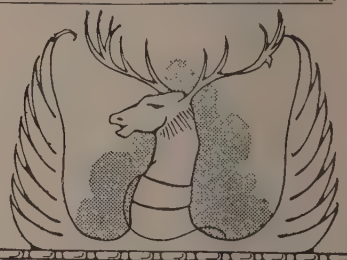

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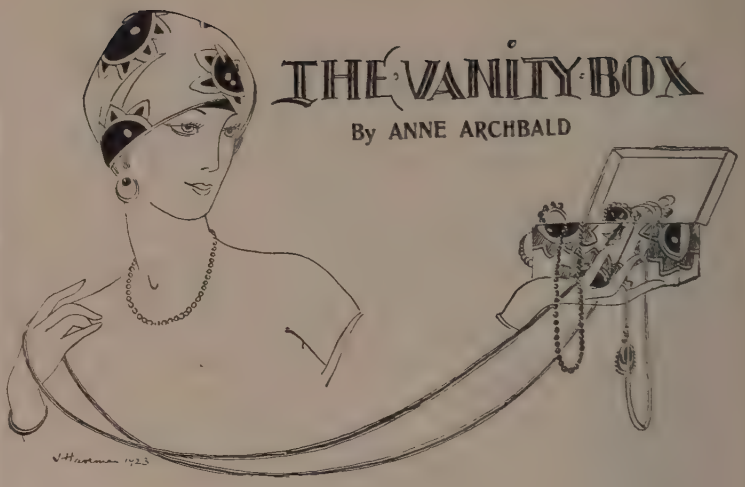

THE VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

HAVE you heard about the new and distinctly *épatant* permanent wave. It's a funny thing about it. Any number of the lovely ladies of the stage and screen have had it put in, still no one wishes to own up to it publicly. And yet after all is that strange? For the wave is so extraordinarily lifelike that no one needs to know it isn't entirely native-born, and therefore why publish the fact.

It's somewhat like your age. You don't mind much a person's guessing about it fairly correctly, or even exaggeratedly, as long as they don't know definitely and nothing has been put down on paper.

And so when we asked the well-known pretty star, over the phone, whether we might use her name in connection with this new "permanent" which she had just had put in, in preparation to sailing for Europe, she said she'd rather we didn't, and passed us on to the equally well-known pretty ingénue who had also had her hair similarly waved, at the other's recommendation. And the ingénue replied that she didn't mind our knowing, but it really wasn't for publication. She had never let her public, nor her acquaintances, and hardly her friends, know that she didn't have naturally wavy hair, and it was being especially admired at the moment with this new, loose, wide-spaced wave.

It was the same with two of the reasons which help to make *Sunny* such a hit and likewise with a famous screen star. . . They all said that results were too good to give away. And so we are under oath not to reveal all these interesting names, and you will just have to take our word for it as to how good the new permanent-wave process is—that is, in the natural look it gives to the head and in the fact that it is in no least particle harmful to the hair. In fact, his permanent wave, claims the man whose invention it is, simply "restores straight hair to its lost, true character," which every mother's daughter of us should have by right of inheritance. After the wave has been put in, the hair behaves exactly as if it had grown in wavy. This is, instead of dampness taking the curl out of the hair, as happens when it has been marcelled with an iron, it simply accentuates its waviness.

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NATIONAL LITTLE THEATRE TOURNAMENT

(*Continued from page* 42)

harsh slang and strident voices of the gangsters in *Release,* the Cellar Players' production and the brilliant philosophizing of *St. Simeon Stylites,* which was presented in the Shavian manner by the Huddersfield Thespians of Huddersfield, England.

These visitors, who made the long journey across the sea, to compete in the tournament, gave a splendid performance with an excellent cast. Their play, by F. Sladen-Smith, had distinct literary merit, winning first prize in the British Drama League competition. It was awarded fourth prize in the tournament.

El Cristo was written by Margaret Larkin, a newspaper woman, recently returned from New Mexico, where she laid the scene of her play. It revealed the Good Friday observances of the Penitentes, a religious group who resort to the whip and the cross as instruments of penance in their weird ceremonies.

One of the New York newspaper critics characterized *The Cajun* as a pleasant breeze from Louisiana—and it was just that! An excellent cast brought sympathy and understanding to the simple characters they portrayed, and they sustained throughout the play the difficult dialect of the *Cajun*—a term loosely applied to the illiterate French of lower Louisiana.

The third prize-winning play, *Release,* was a study in types.

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"LOTS OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE ACTORS"

(*Continued from page* 9)

But in impersonality there is strength. It is not my business to know that the actress who is playing the part of an abandoned wife is doing it so realistically because of the fact that her actual husband did genuinely poke her in the eye and up and leave her two years ago. It is no concern of mine that the presence of a pretty young gawk as ingénue is the explanation of why the gentleman from Park Avenue has backed the play on Broadway. In fact, the less I know about its backing, the fairer for all. You do not stampede a drawing-room with demands as to how everybody you have met there made his money, how much and whom he is spending it on. A new play deserves the rights of a guest. Critics need not play host to it, but why play private detective, either?

I have, in the course of this hardy season of the drama in New York, attended two midnight parties where stage folk were sprinkled thick. At one of them an exquisite and beguiling favorite remembered my mention of her "successful bag of tricks" two years ago and gave me a gorgeous half-hour of demands as to what I had meant by that. At the other an equally hearty young queen wasted the evening which rightfully belonged to her escort in assuring me that she never courts the company of critics. I have also known the bright pleasure of a club-room conversation with a leading man who expounded the idiocy of the author of the play he was just then acting in. The next evening I happened to meet the author of that play. His conversation, slightly more urbane, was yet even more explicit about the actors taking part in it. The third night I almost met the producer—but crossed the street just in time.

There is a fond and mythical something which goes by the name of constructive criticism. I have seen several lovely definitions of it, but never a concrete example. Evidently the most constructive criticism you can give a play is some pithy and unbridled exhortation like "Don't Miss This Best Play of the Year!" which will look superlatively jovial in the Sunday advertisements. And evidently the most constructive criticism possible to bestow on an actor is a paragraph of such unmixed praises as he can paste in his scrap-book or carry around in his wallet for the rest of his days.

But, no, modern constructive criticism takes a subtler turn than that. It now permits the reviewer to be both best pal and severest critic of the profession. It teaches him that an actress at the tea-table is worth ten across the footlights. It inculcates that spacious spirit of *camaraderie* which is the balm of all otherwise disagreeable duties. And it blows into pretty smithereens that aloofness which, in the dear, silly, old-fashioned days, used to be the outward symbol of those minor considerations, dignity, honesty, sincerity.

THE PEST DRAMATISTS

(*Continued from page* 12)

privileged to breathe the same air that his idols did, while Molnár's favorite waiter brought another demi-tasse with double cognac.

There was another table in the same place. Here a group of newspaper workers: caricaturists, reporters, critics met with painters and architects, and piece by piece removed skin, flesh and muscles from their contemporaries until nothing but ugly skeletons remained. In Hungarian this is called "pulling the guy's kidney out," and thus the table was called the "Kidney Table." Leo Kober, now a well-known cartoonist and illustrator in this country, was master of this craft.

In opposition to the "Young Titans," all of whom were more or less arrivés, the so-called "To-morrow Circle" made its headquarters at the Café Central, on a quiet street in another part of the city, in the shadow of the University of Budapest. Clustered about Endre Ady, Hungary's greatest poet, were Lajos Biro, journalist and dramatist, novelist and statesman, with Siegmund Moricz and Frederick Karinthy; Tamás Emöd, a poet of fine and delicate timbre and the staff of *A Nyugat* (*The Occident*), blazer of the trail for the modern, yet artistic trend in Hungarian literature. Recognition came to this group only during the war, after vicissitudes and hardships had shown that there are stern realities, that life is not all a care-free discussion of trivialities such as Molnár pictured it in his earlier plays.

Budapest coffee-house owners, to attract the literary circles, attempted to make their palaces attractive. To this end equipment rather unusual in cafés was installed. Libraries, including such choice storehouses of information as Meyer's Konversations-Lexikon, odd volumes of the Encyclopedia Britannica, antediluvian edition; Hindu-Portuguese and Sanskrit-Greek dictionaries and complete editions of the Hungarian Classics were to be found in the best places.

With the war came the decline of coffee-house life. Food became bad, prices exorbitant, police regulation impeded free movement.

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WHAT I DO WITH TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY

By GRANT MITCHELL

(*Continued from page* 10)

dressing-room at the theatre. A little paper mound represents bills. With a fountain pen that leaks I write blotted checks for them. Here are letters in regard to the consolidation of the Actors' Theatre with the Provincetown Players. There are invitations to address clubs. Maida Darnton asks me to be host to the Town Hall Club on Theatre Day, because, though she was to have been hostess, she cannot be there. Twelfth Night Club designates me as its guest for the next reception. The one sole male guest. I wipe my brow and write that I shall be charmed.

The hour for my luncheon engagement at the Harvard Club is nearing. I countermand my order for an egg for breakfast. I will have toast and a cup of coffee. I spring into my bath. Leap into my clothes. Sprint, as in my college days, for a taxicab. I arrive at my club. The critic has telephoned that he will be twenty minutes late. He is forty-five minutes late. But I count that a blessing, for it gives me a chance to go over my monthly club expense slips. I find mistakes. I have saved seven dollars and seventy-five cents. I congratulate myself upon being a shrewd business man.

My guest arrives. We devour our ideas and food. Nervously I glance at the clock. It is two. Will he have a dessert? He will. I hadn't counted on that. I order a dessert too. I arrive late at the theatre. The call-boy raps on my door. "Fifteen minutes," he says. I leap out of my clothes and plunge into my stage costume. I glance at the notes the stage doorkeeper has handed me. A woman magazinist suggests that I give her an appointment. A man who used to know me in Ohio wants me to write an opinion about something. I scribble something. He says, "Thank you." I find it must be rewritten, for it is for a photostat. I nearly miss my cue. I am breathless and wonder whether I will "dry up." The blessed lines automatically arrive.

I go perspiring back to my room and rewrite what my friend from Ohio wants in ink. A neighbor I met in the country wants to know something. I tell him. I find the woman from a magazine is waiting. I reread her note. I tell her I will see her after the play. She comes back at five. We talk for an hour. I cream my face and wash it. I dare go no further. She waits until she has gotten her full story. She goes. I dash out of my bath robe. I am having eight persons to dine at my apartment at six. My guests have arrived.

We dine and talk of the merger of the two theatre organizations. At half past seven I ask them to excuse me. I must have my nap before the performance.

I go to the theatre, play a performance in *One of the Family* and arrive home at midnight.

By HELEN GAHAGAN

(*Continued from page* 10)

the neighborhood for a light dinner. Usually it is of vegetables and fruits.

But my program is to rest for two hours on the army cot. From half past five to half past seven there is an absolute state of relaxation. Last Winter I learned to relax. A doctor told me that I had mastered the art of relaxation. He said that it is a secret art to most persons. I evolved it myself.

I knew that, because I was working hard and steadily, I must untie the knots in my nerves. I trained myself to lie in a state of complete physical relaxation. I lie on my back in an untrimmed pink crêpe peignor, my arms resting beside me. My hands lie, palms upward, with fingers far apart. Even if I do not drift off to sleep, I forget everything. I lie there with the sense that everything has been done that can be done up to that time and that when I have rested I shall be equal to whatever else remains to be done that day.

One reason why I can wholly compose my mind and feel thoroughly at peace is that while I am doing one thing I never allow anything else to intrude. For instance, while I am giving an interview I give my attention fully to it. I do not let any thought of something still to be done to intrude into it. That is the only thing for the half-hour that it requires.

Those two hours of relaxation are like a rebirth. I go upon the stage as one reborn. I feel as fresh as though I had awakened from an all-night sleep.

During the day I have seen no one save my family or teachers. No one calls at my dressing-room before a performance. But after the evening performance friends call. I enjoy that. I have not made any new friends since I came from college to the stage, and the calls are from persons I may not have seen for four years. Or they may be closer friends who call two or three times a year. I enjoy these after-the-day's-work calls. They are spiritual refreshment. They are an exercise ground for the emotions.

It is time now to taxi to my home. I arrive there between eleven and one o'clock. I eat a light meal of fruit or bread and milk that I find on the dining-room table. I listen for an hour to music. Then I retire and read for another hour. I sleep then for eight hours and my day begins again at ten.

I have described my Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, for those are my matinée days. The others are duplicates, save that the hours that would otherwise be filled with the matinée performances are occupied other than in playing. I fill them with extra lessons, with extra walking, with business talks connected with the theatre and with luncheons at which I am asked to speak.

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